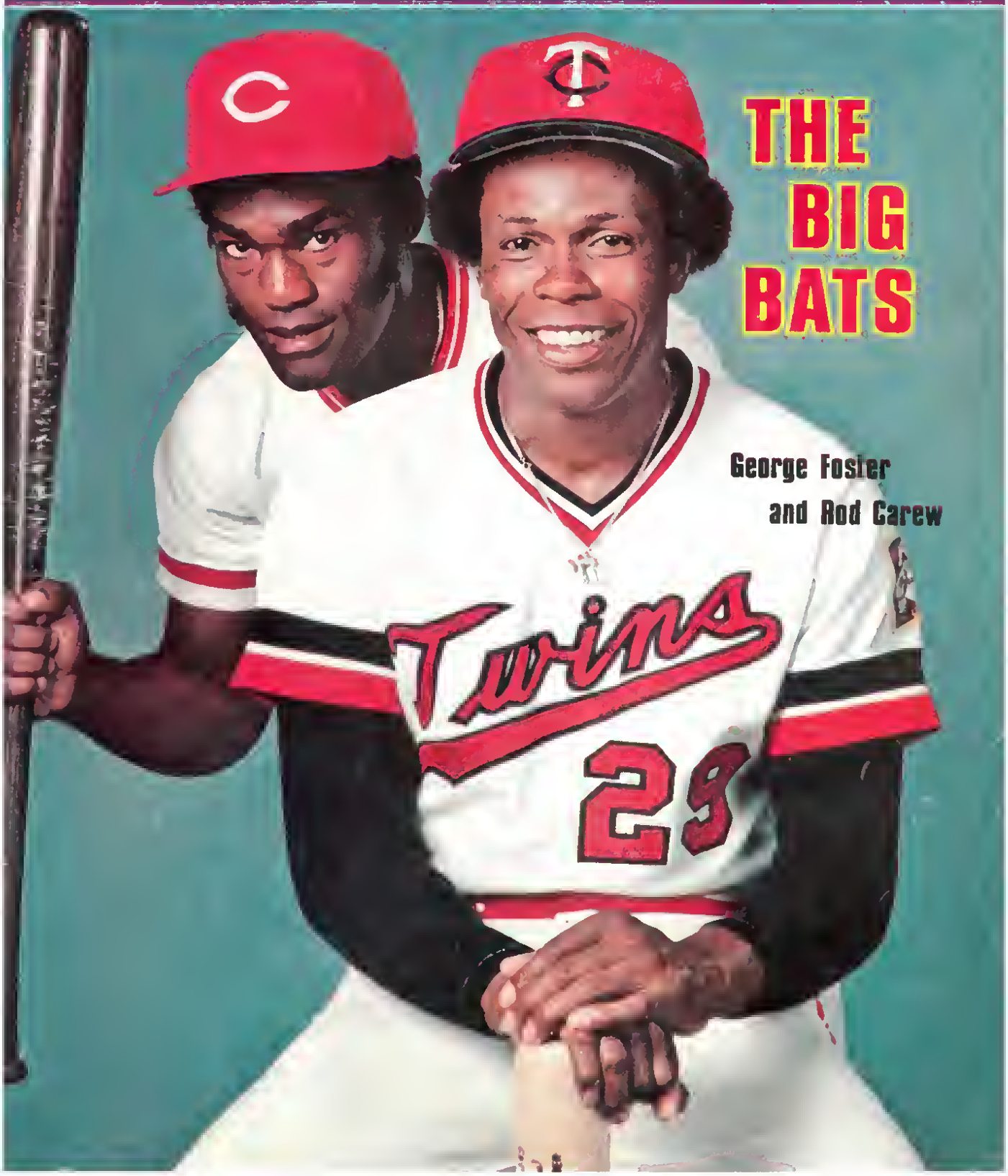
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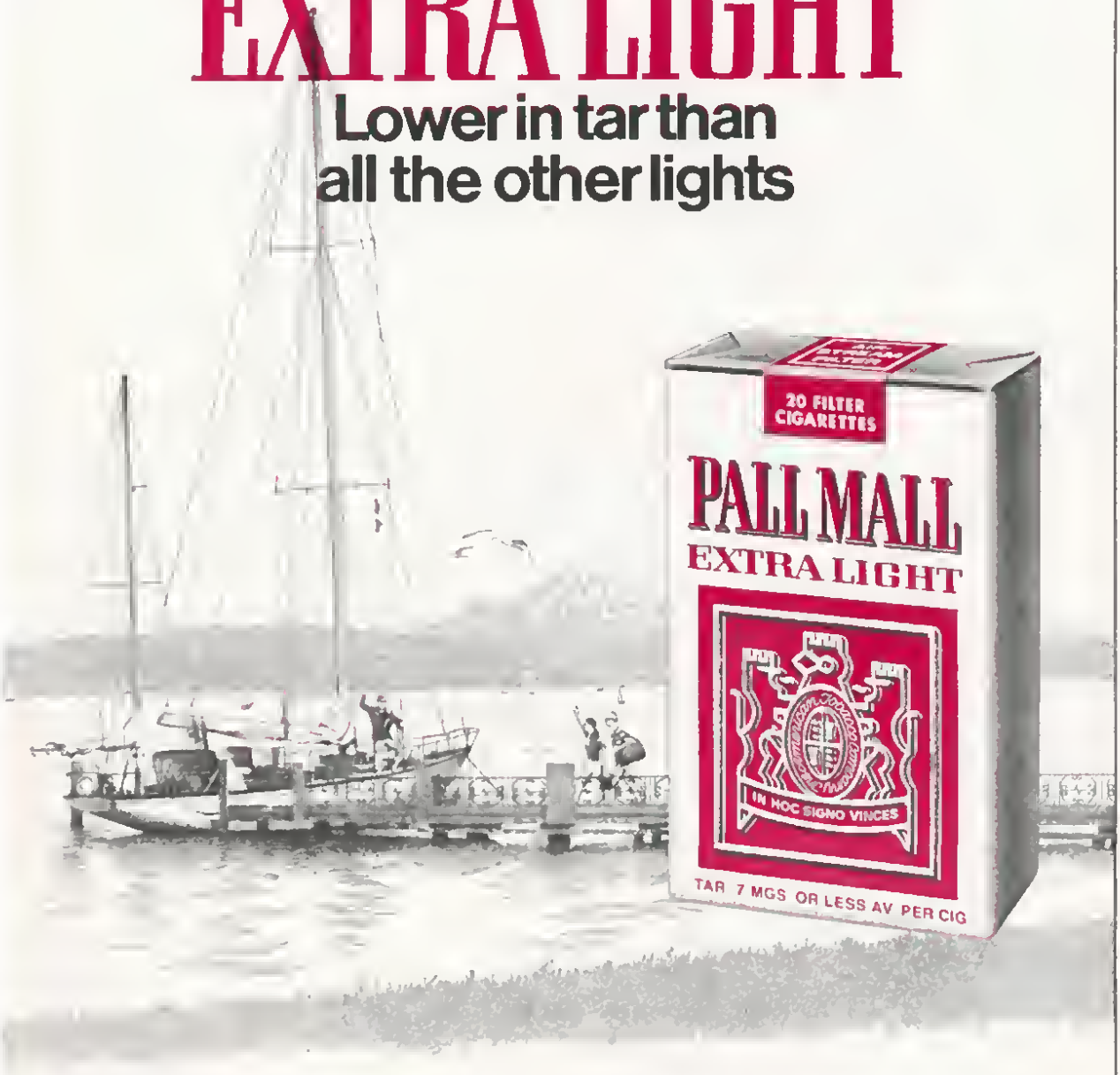
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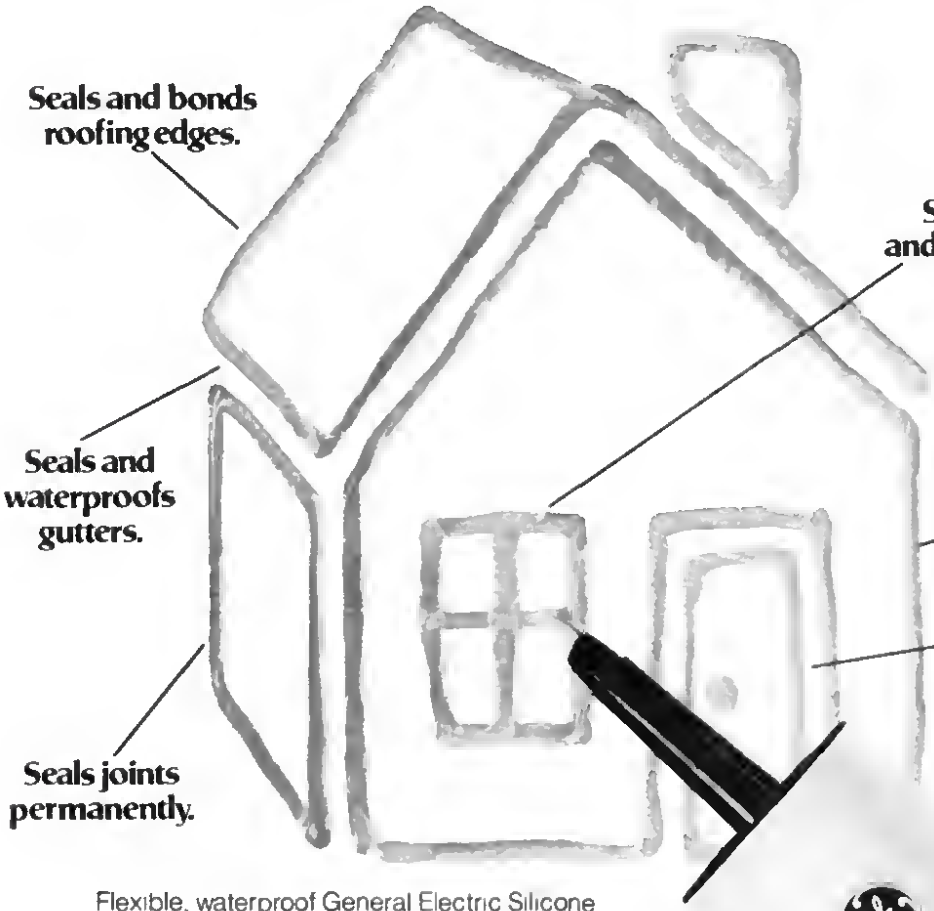
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THE WEARIN' OF THE GREEN has been Jack Nicklaus' habit at the Masters, with five of the distinctive jackets hanging in his closet. Now Jack may be helped into a sixth—but not if Tom Watson, among others, can help it. Den Jenkins reports.

THE RUNNING DOCTOR, having run, writes on Dr. George Sheehan, cardiologist and marathoner, friend and adviser to runners, expatiates on the "wall" at 20 miles, where the marathon really begins, and on the elevation of spirit when it ends.

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As I See It

by DAVID J. WRIGHT

WHEN THE TEENY WEENY LEAGUE PLAYS BALL, THE COACH RUNS FOR HIS LIFE

The Olympics it's not. Gladiators and lions it's not. It also bears little resemblance to a game between the Yankees and the Dodgers.

It's called Sparky League, Pee Wee Baseball, Little Teeny Weeny League and any number of names that vary from community to community. The rules aren't written down but they're all about the same: the 7-, 8- and 9-year-olds simply beat the pajamas out of the ball for four innings or so and hope they've scored as many runs as they can without disabling their coach.

Our 8-year-old daughter played her first game last year. The other team got 40 runs in four innings and was robbed on the last play of the game when the catcher on our team actually hung onto an outfield throw to prevent three more runs from scoring.

Our team won 45–40. Jennifer played for the Tigers, who finished the season with a 6–5–1 record and one rainout. They tied the last game of the season in the last inning when their last batter popped up to the infield and drove in two runs. The score was 35–35.

There is one really dangerous position on the field—pitcher. The pitcher, who is the coach of the team at bat, underhands the baseball toward the plate from a few feet away and then runs for his life. If the ball doesn't hit him, the bat might. Last year, one coach had two broken ribs. Another took a shot off his forehead.

Each team (all 15 or 20 batters—there is no set limit) bats around once each inning and then takes its turn in the field, no matter how many outs have been made. Walks aren't allowed, strikeouts are ignored and foul balls don't count, even if somebody catches them. More often they hit cars and babies.

A lot of scoring can occur when the last batter takes his turn. If he hits the ball, everybody on base is allowed to keep running until somebody who has managed to hold onto the ball runs in and touches home plate.

I watched two practice games and about nine of the 12 regular-season games that Jennifer played. I saw three triple plays, and one that could have been a quadruple play except the ball rolled under a car.

One redefines one's baseball terms at Sparky League. A home run occurs when a batter makes it all the way around the bases, no matter how many errors are committed. Most home runs come on ground balls to the infield.

The first home run I saw in Sparky League came on a grounder to short. The shortstop put his glove down, turned his head, closed his eyes and jumped in the air. The ball went under him toward another kid, who fell down. The outfielder ran in, picked up the ball and threw it over the fence.

Another kid hit a routine grounder to the second baseman, who caught it and threw to first, too late to get the runner who was on his way to second. The first baseman caught the ball and threw it over the second baseman's head. While he chased the ball, the batter headed for third and just beat the throw, never stopped and headed for home. The third baseman caught the ball and heaved it to the catcher, who dropped it four times. Home run.

One problem in Sparky League is concentration. The assumption is that if the ball doesn't come right at the shortstop's glove, he figures he's out of the play until the next batter is up.

Waving at parents is another problem, especially for the outfielders, who often have little to do the whole game. At bat they sometimes hit the ball and wave at Daddy on the way to first base. Daddy cringes, the kid is out at first, and the coach spits tobacco at the third-base line.

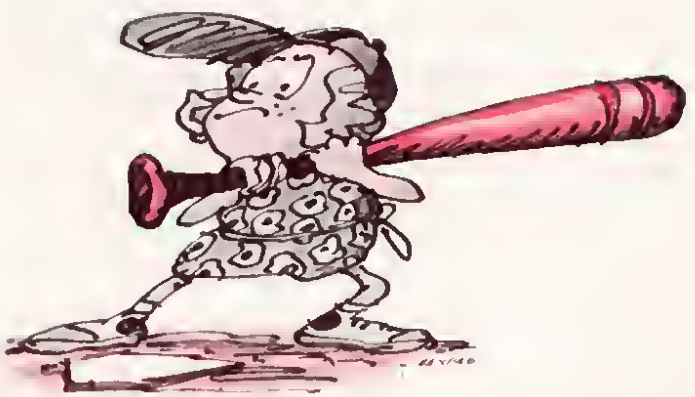
The newer players have particular trouble with fly balls, both catching them and running the bases when they are hit. The minute the ball is hit, the runners take off, and nothing in the world can bring them back to their bases. Usually the kid who fields the ball tags everybody in sight. Two or three will be his own teammates and the others are generally base runners not sure where they're supposed to be. This accounts for unassisted triple plays.

The shortstop, for instance, may catch a pop fly, run to second and tag the player running toward third and the player running toward second.

If he throws the ball to the second baseman, however, chances are everybody will score because the ball will end up either in right field or across the street in somebody's garden.

The purpose of Sparky League is to teach kids what baseball is all about. I don't think anybody would even keep track of the runs if it weren't for the parents, who sit around on car hoods and in lawn chairs whooping it up and yelling things like, "What's the score?" and, "Throw the ball, throw the ball" and, "Cover second, cover second."

The whole thing is very democratic, which accounts for the large number of girls who take part. I don't know yet if Jennifer will want to try for Little League, though. She also takes gymnastics, and that is why her Sparky League coach gets mildly upset every time she stands on her head near second base. END



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

As Frank Deford observes on page 92, "Opening Day means spring ... buds spreading and jackets unbuttoning ... rubber bands being released from neat's-foot-oiled baseball mitts that had been held tight around a ball all winter." Springtime also is when the nation's baseball experts blossom forth with their predictions for the season.

The four SI experts who prepared the scouting reports starting on page 52 have joined the vernal chorus (see *chart*). And as any expert reader might have predicted, no two agreed on who will win the World Series.

Larry Keith, who scouted the NL East and picked Philadelphia in that division, thinks the Yankees will win the World Series again. "You have to like any team with a rotation of Andy Messersmith, Ken Holtzman, Sparky Lyle and Gil Patterson," says Keith, who obviously figures the regular New York rotation will again be beset by injuries. If it is, the Yanks might consider making a deal with Keith's choice in the AL West, Texas, which he favors because it is "the only team with two pitchers who make house calls—Dock Ellis and Doc Medich." If New York can keep its rotation of Guidry, Figueroa, Hunter, et *al.*, healthy, Keith thinks it will meet the Reds in the World Series.

Joe Marshall, whose scouting report tells why Kansas City should win the AL West, picks Cincinnati to beat New York in the Series, predicting that "Tom Terrific's return to New York will humble the Yankees." As for the American League playoffs, Marshall allows that Kansas City can beat the Yankees—but only if the fifth game ends in the eighth inning.

Philadelphians may find solace in Ron Fimrite's hunch that a world championship banner will fly over Veterans Stadium on Opening Day 1979. He picks Cincinnati in his NL West scouting report, but he reckons that the Phillies' pitching will bring the National League pennant to the East for the first time since 1973. In the AL West, Kansas City and California will stay close—but just behind—the Texas Millionaires in what Fimrite figures will be the best race of all.

Jim Kaplan, who scouted the AL East, predicts that the Royals will win it all because "nobody wants to see Freddie Patek crying in the dugout again." Besides, says Kaplan, Kansas City's most likely Series opponents, the Phillies, "play so badly in championship games that they can't even get a good decision from the umpires."

In an effort to get at least two predictors who favored the same team, Deford was invited to submit what we hoped would be the tie-breaking choice. Does he like the Yankees? Or the Royals? Or the Phillies? Or the Reds? Nope. He picks Texas, because "Billy Hunter, who brought them along so fast late last season, will be their manager from Opening Day on."

That narrows our world champion picks to five teams out of 26. Beyond that, the choice is yours.

Jack Meyer

	Fimrite	Kaplan	Keith	Marshall
AL EAST	New York*	New York	New York*	New York*
AL WEST	Texas	Kansas City*	Texas	Kansas City
NL EAST	Philadelphia*	Philadelphia*	Philadelphia	Philadelphia
NL WEST	Cincinnati	Los Angeles	Cincinnati*	Cincinnati*
SERIES	Philadelphia	Kansas City	New York	Cincinnati

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Where did this appear? The New Yorker? Harper's? Rolling Stone? No, it's from *Nowhere Fast* by Robert F. Jones, a piece about Oakland's Kenny Stabler in Sports Illustrated, where the people in sports are as fascinating as the games they play.

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If I was nervous it was understandable After all, this was my first all-star game And there I was in the National League locker room suiting up with half of baseball's superstars, too nervous to even light my cigar

But the excitement really started out on the field 53,000 Atlanta fans let out a roar of welcome that made my ears ring. You see, it was their first all-star game, too

Then as each all-star was introduced, the crowd's cheers grew louder

I didn't think a crowd could make any more noise Not until the legends on our team were introduced For our center fielder, one of baseball's all-time greats, the fans shouted and cheered until I was sure the place was going to fall down For our right fielder, who played for Atlanta, and at that time was getting close to breaking the all-time home run record, the roar was twice as loud and twice as long And he got the same tumultuous ovation in the sixth inning when he hit a two-run homer

I went to the mound in the eighth with the score tied three-all I allowed no runs, one hit, and struck out four In the tenth inning our small, but mighty, second baseman singled home the winning run, making me the winning pitcher in my first all-star game You know, I was thrilled to be an all-star And more thrilled to be the winning pitcher But the biggest thrill was when one of the legends patted me on the shoulder and said, "Nice game, Tug," and lit a match for me to light my Grenadier

What a beautiful feeling What a beautiful smoke



A&C...
ONE BEAUTIFUL
SMOKING
EXPERIENCE.



Tug McGraw
Pitcher
Philadelphia
Phillies



REGGIE JACKSON DRIVES A RABBIT??

Reggie appreciates the finer things in life.

He has a collection of fine cars, including a Rolls-Royce, but the car he *really* depends on is his VW Rabbit. Why?

"Because it halds everything I want it ta hold. And it does everything I want it ta da."

That's high praise, caming fram a man wha re-wrate baseball histary. And wha can clearly affard ta drive any car (ar cars) he pleases.

It's also high praise coming fram a man wha's 6'2", weighs 210 pounds and doesn't like his style cramped. By any body ar any thing.

We understand exactly why he's so impressed: Rabbit has mare trunk space and glass area than a Cadillac Seville. And more people room than 40 ather cars on the market.

Reggie knaws enaugh about cars ta appreciate Rabbit's frant-wheel drive far better tracking, especially in bad weather. Ta say nathing af frant disc brakes, an Independent stabilizer rear axle and rack-and-pinian steering.

He also knows magic when he sees it; his Rabbit "L" is the only car he cauld buy that has seat belts that actually put themselves on.

It's an impressive list, ta say the least. But Reggie, in his awn way, says it most:

"The only one I have to impress —is me."

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

BOOKTALK

by BRUCE ALLEN

A ROUND-HEADED KID ON THE MOUND! A BEAGLE AT SHORT! GOOD GRIEF!

Any list of paramount blockheads must include Charlie Brown, the hero of *Sandlot Peanuts* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $9.95), a retrospective collection of Charles Schulz cartoons that document Charlie's career as pitcher and manager of "the losingest team in the history of baseball." Charlie's own ineptness is aggravated by a squad that features a beagle at shortstop, a second baseman with a blanket and a leftfielder who's still on the bottle. Charlie remains only semidaunted, even though "My team hates me, I'm a lousy pitcher, my stomach hurts ... I don't know why I play this game ... If there's an earthquake and the other team is swallowed up, we might win by default."

These inner struggles take place in a closed world in which we never see grown-ups or many of the opponents who roll up astronomical scores. Yet the outside world can intrude, as in the sequence in which Snoopy challenges Henry Aaron in an attempt to be the first to break Babe Ruth's home-run record. Lucy howls, "It'll be a disgrace. You're not even human." Ignoring her and his hate mail, the canine slugger ruminates, "I just want to be a credit to my breed."

But the focus is usually on Charlie Brown's doomed efforts to raise his team to respectability in the face of mushrooming impediments and embarrassments that confront him at the pitcher's mound. His shortstop wants his dog dish filled. Lucy, who plays outfield like an irritable dowager, offers criticism or, worse, advice, such as her suggestion to try a field goal. Even his big league hero, Joe Shlabotnik, loses his managerial job for putting the squeeze on with the bases empty. Charlie Brown doesn't even get sent to the showers ("I have to take a bath"). Worst of all, when he's out of action his team starts winning.

Along with the humor, Schulz offers rueful comments on the human condition. When Lucy says, "Look at it this way, Charlie Brown ... we learn more from losing than we do from winning," he replies, "That makes *me* the *smartest person in* the world."

Schulz has been tracing the sporting lives of his Peanuts since the '50s, so the material is familiar, but it remains unfailingly appealing. Indeed, it's safe to call *Sandlot Peanuts* a minor classic of American sports humor—if you can call it humor. When Charlie Brown, intending to motivate his troops, declares, "The way a person performs upon the field may be the same way he performs in the game of life," he terrifies them. Good grief! END



Some after dinner ideas for enjoying our brandy.



The well-aged mellowness of The Christian Brothers Brandy makes any after dinner drink delicious

Like Venetian Coffee It's so much more than ordinary coffee and easy to make Start with one or two jiggers of The Christian Brothers Brandy, hot coffee and one teaspoon of sugar. Then, top with whipped cream

Or, enjoy Cafe Royale It's as easy to make as Venetian Coffee. A jigger or two of The Christian Brothers Brandy Hot coffee, and a twist of lemon. Then, sweeten to taste.

And, if you want to enjoy the rich, mellow taste of The Christian Brothers Brandy later in the evening, serve a Mexicali It's as delicious as it sounds, and it's made with two parts of The Christian Brothers Brandy, one part coffee liqueur. Serve in a snifter over ice

Try these after dinner ideas for enjoying The Christian Brothers Brandy, or create your own. When you start with the rich, mellow taste of The Christian Brothers Brandy the result is always delicious.

From The Christian Brothers of California.

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Footloose

by JEANNETTE BRUCE

NO MORE RIDES ON AN ELEPHANT, THANK YOU, BUT I'D WALK A MILE ON A CAMEL

My invitation this year to participate in the Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey "annual animal walk" is worded more cleverly ("You are cordially invited to enjoy a Close Encounter of the Herd Kind") than the one of several years ago, which stated simply that I could help celebrate the opening of the circus in New York City by riding an elephant from the railroad yard to Madison Square Garden. I accepted that invitation and quickly discovered that there are two prerequisites for a comfortable journey on a pachyderm—a backside of reinforced steel and a leg spread like the wingspan of an eagle. Media types from newspapers, magazines and TV networks took part in the ride that year, and when it was over most of us thought we might never walk again.

I also once rode a non-circus elephant in the jungles of Nepal. It was provided with a howdah, or basket, in which one rode. That was a horrible trip, too, even in the basket, for it lasted two hours and the gait of an elephant is uneven, to put it as kindly as possible, with no two legs moving in a discernible rhythm. The sensation is that of maintaining one's balance on top of a volcano that is about to erupt.

A trotting horse has something of the same unsettling gait—at least for the novice who has not learned to post—for it moves one front leg and the opposite hind leg in unison, producing an up-and-down motion that can be jarring. A pacing horse, a rare thing to ride nowadays, has a smoother gait, because it has been trained with hobbles to move its front and hind legs on the same side simultaneously. But such locomotion, unlike the trot, is unnatural. Take the hobbles off and pacers often go back to the way nature arranged for them to move. Still, if Barnum & Bailey were to offer me a pacer this time, I might accept. Or, better yet, a camel, such as the one I once rode in Africa. A camel is comfortable. It is one of only two animals that I know of (the other is the cat—from tabby to lion) that pace naturally, with front and hind legs on the same side moving in smooth concert. Because one rides sidesaddle on a camel, in front of the hump, the effect is more like the gentle swaying of a rocking chair than the earthquake tremor of an elephant.

Because this year's circus elephant won't be any easier to straddle than the one that did me in before, I wrote Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey a courteous but firm thanks but no thanks. With no camels available, I'll stick to riding the most comfortable animal I know—my Volkswagen Rabbit. END

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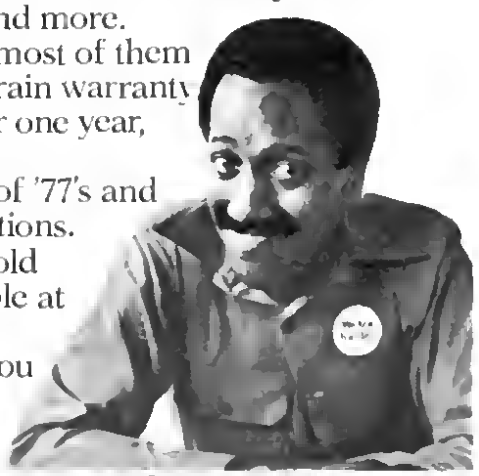
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ART TALK

by BILL VERIGAN

A CLOSET WORLD SERIES HERO RUNS A GALLERY DEVOTED TO SPORTING LIFE

The paintings in the windows of other art galleries crowded along New York City's 57th Street are unmistakably by Picasso and Miró and Monet. Those in the Spectrum Fine Art Gallery at 30 W. 57th are unmistakably of Willie Wood and Christy Mathewson and Jack Dempsey. The Spectrum is devoted to spectator sports, and Bill Goff, its 31-year-old director, has covered its walls with painting and drawings of athletes and the games they play.

Like many of us, Goff is a latent middleweight champion, a closet World Series hero. In the gallery he keeps a high school yearbook, Cheltenham, Pa., 1964. The pages flip automatically to the place he wants.

"That's me," says Goff, pointing to a face in the third row of a photograph of the football team. His finger moves to the first row. "And that's Reggie Jackson. The number was 44 even then."

Opening the Spectrum was a labor of love for a frustrated jock whose family is in the art business (his mother owns a gallery on Long Island). Now when he is at work, Buck Buchanan watches menacingly from the sidelines while across the room Primo Carnera gropes for support with flapping arms as he goes down.

The art changes with the seasons. Goff opened the gallery last summer with a show featuring baseball. Then came one on football (curiously, five of the artists whose works were shown were women), hockey and basketball share space in the spring exhibition. Many of the artists—such as Thomas Hart Benton, Raoul Dufy, Guy Pene du Bois and Rockwell Kent—are familiar to museum goers, but Goff gets a special satisfaction from uncovering less recognized artists who have done work with a sports theme.

For example, he discovered a series of lithographs of classic fights propped up in cracked frames in a newsstand. They turned out to have been done by a Navy admiral named George Webster Golinkin.

Goff is also arranging an exhibition called "Athlete as Artist" for present and former athletes who have tried their hands at painting and sculpture. Many have a gentle touch with a brush. Several, including former Denver Bronco Offensive Guard Ernie Barnes and Dartmouth All-America lacrosse player Joe Wilder, have already had works in the Spectrum.

The result is a gallery with something for almost everyone, the sports fan who knows nothing about art, the art connoisseur who knows nothing about sports. END

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

THE PITS

To call Kansas State the pits in college football would be an understatement. Last season the Wildcats were 1–10, making their alltime record 271–417–38, the worst of any major college. In addition, 21 freshmen players staged a brief boycott last fall, complaining they weren't getting enough playing time, two varsity players were accused and later convicted of raping a coed in the athletic dorm, and with two games remaining, Coach Ellis Rainsberger resigned under pressure after some players were deliberately misidentified in a junior-varsity game in an effort to preserve their redshirt status.

Jim Dickey, an assistant at North Carolina, took the K-State job last December. "I'm lucky," he said. "I really believe that. I believe good things are going to happen to me."

Dickey should be so lucky. Last week the Big Eight placed the Wildcats' football program on conditional probation for exceeding the 30 scholarship limit by 13 last year. It turns out that President Duane Acker of K-State knew of this irregularity last December, when, after conferring with other university officials, he decided to atone by cutting back to only 17 scholarships this year, and informed the conference of this act of contrition. Moreover, Dickey was told of these developments when he took the job, although public announcement of the scholarship shenanigans was not made until last week.

Acker has appointed a committee to discover who handed out the excess scholarships. Ex-Coach Rainsberger says, "Athletic Director Jersey Jermier would have been responsible for keeping track of the number of athletic grants-in-aid. The mix-up probably occurred when scholarships were granted to walk-ons at the end of the 1976 season. At that time they were still shuffling players, dropping players from scholarships and giving scholarships to walk-ons who made the team." Jermier refused comment on that assertion and on reports he himself might be fired.

At week's end, K-State got still another jolt when David Laurie, a phys-ed professor and former Wildcat football player, charged that the school had already exceeded the allowable 20 spring practice sessions by holding indoor workouts before the beginning of spring practice. Dickey admitted "overzealousness" and ended outdoor practice after only five sessions.

The Big Eight will hold a hearing on Kansas State's excess scholarships next month, but it is not known if the conference is contemplating imposing any penalties of its own. Schools that violate conference or NCAA rules are usually prohibited from going to bowls or appearing on TV, but Kansas State is no candidate for either. And the Big Eight is not eager to make K-State any less competitive than it already is. Indeed, K-State is an embarrassment to the conference, both on the field and in the public eye.

MORALITY PLAY

The University Interscholastic League, which governs high school sports in Texas, has a strange set of values. Last week the UIL announced it would take no action against five basketball players from Wheatley High School in Houston, although they admitted they had stolen $150 from an Austin cafeteria and 12 necklaces from a jewelry store just before winning a record fifth state Class AAAA championship. "If we start getting ourselves involved in morals," says UIL director Bailey Marshall, "we will be getting hammered to take a student off the team for having speeding tickets."

On the same day Marshall said this, another Wheatley student, Linda Williams, played her first varsity baseball game. Although the Houston school district does not offer girls' softball, the UIL not only had barred Williams from the baseball team, but also threatened to make Wheatley forfeit any game in which she played. A federal judge ruled in her favor, finding she had been denied her rights under the "equal protection" clause of the 14th Amendment.

ACTION, CAMERA

Let's all wish a happy 50th anniversary to Neil P. Horne, a 74-year-old retired ad man in West Caldwell, N.J. For 50 years, Horne's hobby has been taking 16 mm. movies of celebrities, many of them from the world of sports. It all began in 1928 when Horne bought a camera "to take some home movies." A former quarter-miler at Columbia, he arranged to meet Charlie Paddock—the sprinter known as "the world's fastest human," who was then appearing at a theater in Newark—at a local stadium. "I bought a tape from the five-and-dime store," Horne says, "and I made some footage



of Paddock doing his famous last-yard-age flying leap through the tape."

Since then, Horne has gone on to shoot 2,137 more celebrities. He shot Thomas Lipton on his yacht and John McGraw in the Polo Grounds. He got George Gershwin playing *Rhapsody in Blue* on his own piano and Bernard Baruch sitting on a park bench. Babe Ruth was a big coup because, as Horne says, "I found that if I had Babe Ruth I was O.K. in sports." Another coup was Dr. James Naismith. Horne heard from one of Naismith's relatives that the doctor was staying at New York's Hotel Commodore. They met, but before they went up to

continued



"Ætna, heal thyself."

In recent months, Ætna has been blunt in criticizing some expensive flaws in America's health care system.

Our bluntness has brought us, in return, equally blunt criticism of ourselves:

A hospital administrator from Illinois says that Ætna's *own*

insurance plans have encouraged overuse of hospitals—since we pay for some procedures only when the insured person is hospitalized, even though out-patient treatment might cost less. (He's right. Some plans do this. We need to work harder to change them.[1])

Several doctors asked how we could claim to "give consumers a stake in holding down costs" when we're still selling health insurance that has little or no deductible.[2]

Another physician says that skyrocketing malpractice insurance premiums have forced him to increase the charges to his patients.[3]

Another accuses Ætna of "scapegoatism" and "kicking the dog," and a hospital representative contends "you attack us."[4]

To these last charges we plead "not guilty." Our criticism is aimed at the *health care system* and not at doctors or hospitals—although all participants (including Ætna) must share some responsibility. Most worthwhile changes in society bring with them strong disagreements and public debate. Slowing the runaway costs of this system needs open discussion now. Ætna will keep focusing on the flaws we see. And we'll keep welcoming—and responding to—the views of those who disagree with us most strongly.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

[1]In the last few years we've intensified our efforts to correct this imbalance. Ætna health insurance plans are covering more and more kinds of out-patient care. Examples: Post-hospital convalescent facilities (since 1969); free-standing ambulatory surgical centers (since 1973); pre-admission testing (experimentally since 1970—now being extended nationally), and post-hospital home health care already available in many plans.

[2]This is also true. Although Ætna has been stressing the value of deductibles and co-insurance since the mid-1950's, the physicians' criticism is fair. we *are* still writing insurance plans that have no deductibles for hospital charges. The pressure to "give the customer what he wants" is a constant in business. Ætna, like most insurers, has given in to it too many times when it may not have been in society's long-term interest.

[3]An increase, starting in the early 1970's, in the number and size of liability suits caught insurers by surprise, and drastically forced up premiums to cover legal costs, court awards and out-of-court settlements. Part of the solution, Ætna believes, is to reform an increasingly *dis*-torted tort law system. This is a subject as controversial and important as the health care system itself.

[4]In response to our earlier advertisements, several doctors wrote along these lines: "Ætna, being a large company, can afford to take pages in national magazines and push its opinions, I, as a private practitioner of medicine, obviously cannot." This advertisement is a recognition of that point of view. But we don't think that any of us involved in the health care system can afford to overlook our own contribution to the problem. Each of us should give some criticism, take some—*and act on it*.

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the hotel roof for pictures, Horne remembered there was a sporting-goods store on the ground floor. He skedaddled down there and said, "The inventor of basketball is here. Could I borrow a basketball?" Horne got the ball and took it up to the roof where Naismith tossed it around for the camera.

Horne's footage on celebrities is almost endless. It averages 15 to 25 feet per celebrity and includes Connie Mack, Bill Tilden, Charles Dana Gibson, John D. Rockefeller, Gertrude Ederle, Secretariat winning the Triple Crown, Pope Pius XII, Ty Cobb, Henry Mancini, Billy Sunday, Barbra Streisand, Toots Shor, Winston Churchill, Andy Pafko, F.D.R., Joe Pepitone, Greta Garbo, Red Auerbach, Thomas Edison, Jim Bunning (the day he pitched a perfect game), James J. Jeffries, Tex Rickard, Doc Blanchard, Howard Hughes, Joe Namath, Douglas MacArthur, Ben Hogan, Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, Grantland Rice, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Edgar Guest ("as wholesome and genial as his poetry would indicate"), Liberace, Luis Tiant, John Philip Sousa, Spencer Tracy, Bobby Fischer, Huey Long and Gump Worsley.

And Horne hasn't hung up his camera. Just this season he shot 164 NBA players. "The New Jersey Nets have been very kind to me," he says. "They let me set up just outside the visiting locker room. I can now say I have every coach and the top players in this fine sport."

HYBRID

If you cross a basketball with a snake, do you get a bouncing baby boa?

FIDURIND THE ANDLES

In the Olympics and in international track and field meets, sophisticated electronic devices are used to measure distances in the throwing events. Now professor Dave Gibson of the University of Florida's College of Engineering and a staff of professional and student surveyors have come up with almost instant pole vault readings.

Ordinarily, measuring the height of a vault is time-consuming, calling for a ladder or cherry picker so the official can get up to the bar with his tape measure, but Gibson and his colleagues have been able to cut the time drastically by means of two theodolites and a small computer. The theodolites, used by surveyors to measure vertical and horizontal angles, are planted on tripods at a predetermined distance from the bar, and the angle readings are relayed to Gibson. He then punches the reading into the computer and gets a fast printout of the height to the lowest quarter inch.

The system was successfully used at the recent Florida Relays, and Dick Dale of the College of Engineering says, "I watched one instance in which our people had figures in seconds, but because the height was approaching a record level, the officials made their measurements in traditional fashion. They took 20 minutes or more. Our numbers were exactly what they finally came up with. In another instance, the upright scale reported one height and we showed it was an inch low. They corrected fast."

SPANISH TOTE

Floridians seem to be captivated by computers nowadays. A computerized tote system at Pompano Park allows a bettor to make 12 varieties of wagers on a single ticket from one window, at which the clerk can be both seller and cashier. For instance, a bettor can ask for a straight win, place or show bet, play a quinella or perfecta, and box or wheel a trifecta, all at once. And he can cash his ticket from the previous race at the same time.

Nicknamed the "Spanish Tote," the system is the creation of Juan de la Cierva, an inventor from Madrid. Pompano Park first tried it at its quarter-horse meeting last summer, then put the system into full gear for its current harness-racing season. The results have been spectacular. The meeting's average handle is up from $293,000 last year to $359,000 this season. The new prosperity has enabled Pompano to increase its purses to attract better horses, which in turn attract more patrons.

However, the new system is not without its bugs. One night in January the computers broke down and Pompano had to run its 12-race program without wagering, and refund admission money for some 7,000 bettors. But the track remains enthused. The next step in automated betting will be do-it-yourself wagers, in which horseplayers will have their own accounts to bet with, similar to the automatic cash machines used by banks.

One interesting side effect of the Pompano system: the floors are cleaner because there are fewer tickets and the tickets that are sold are more likely to have a winner on them. That's bad news for "stoopers," who search the floors for winning tickets inadvertently discarded.

THE OLD SHILL DAME

Rod Hundley, who broadcasts New Orleans Jazz games, was in Atlanta last week with the team when he was interviewed by a sportswriter for *The Constitution*. In the interview, Hundley called Jazz Coach Elgin Baylor "stubborn as hell . . . not a student of the game . . . lazy," and added that Baylor "doesn't take as many time-outs as he should. A lot of time our players' tongues are hanging out, and he doesn't call time." The interview appeared on a day the Jazz lost to the Hawks in overtime, and the incensed Baylor said the remarks upset both him and the team. "Hundley's remarks were ill-timed," says Jazz chief operating officer Larry Hatfield, who fined Hundley an undisclosed amount. The fine is another reminder that although pro teams like the public to *think* their broadcasters are independent journalists, they often regard them as little more than shills.

NOT SO HEADY EDDIE

Eddie Stanky, who was known to look for the edge when he was playing and managing in the major leagues, is the baseball coach at the University of South Alabama. In the top of the first inning of the first of two games against the University of New Orleans last week, Stanky, who was wearing a business suit and his red South Alabama hat, called from the dugout for the removal of Assistant Coach Tom Schwaner of New Orleans from the first-base coaching box. New Orleans Coach Ron Maestri was in the third-base box, and Stanky pointed out to the umpires that the collegiate rule book says a player has to coach at either first or third.

After Schwaner left the field, Maestri shouted, "We can play like that, *too*!" So in the bottom half of the first, he told the plate umpire the rule book says the coach of a team must be dressed in a uniform. Stanky had to leave. New Orleans won 10–3. For the second game, Stanky put on his uniform, and South Alabama won 6–4.

THEY SAID IT

• Father Vaughan Quinn, part-time goalie for a winning all-priest hockey team that plays in Michigan and Ontario: "We cheat like hell." **END**

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BE CHOOSEY



READYING A RED



TAKEOVER

Carlos Reutemann's victory for Ferrari at Long Beach served notice that red is far from dead on the Grand Prix circuit **by SAM MOSES**

CONTINUED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT



With Lauda gone Reutemann is No 1 at Ferrari

With 10 laps remaining in last Sunday's U.S. Grand Prix West in Long Beach, Calif., the crowd began pressing more tightly around the pit of Mario Andretti. Andretti's gold-and-black Lotus was in second place, 13 seconds behind the Ferrari of Carlos Reutemann. Having seen Mario move up from fifth position as three of the cars leading him dropped back or out of the race, the group's collective wish was that their man would somehow overtake Reutemann and pull out his second straight win at Long Beach.

An aura of high hopes and anticipation seems to surround Andretti on the Formula 1 circuit, even when, as at this race, there is little reason for such enthusiasm. The Ferrari hadn't missed a beat for the first 70 laps of the 80-lap event, and it didn't miss a beat for the final 10, as Reutemann led Andretti by 11 seconds over the finish line and thus tied him in the points standing for the world driving championship at 18 apiece.

The race had been Ferrari's from the first day of practice on Friday. Reutemann had been officially credited with a lap of 1:20.636 on the 2.02-mile circuit through the streets of the city that day, and despite additional qualifying sessions the Argentinian's time held up to take the pole position. But on Sunday it was Reutemann's new teammate, 26-year-old Gilles Villeneuve of Quebec, who bulled his way into the lead and held it for 38 laps. However, when Villeneuve came up to lap Clay Regazzoni on the inside of a turn, there wasn't room and the cars touched wheels. Villeneuve's Ferrari bounced high in the air, skidded backward into a cement retaining wall and out of the race. Reutemann was the new leader.

Alan Jones of Australia drove his Shadow into second upon Villeneuve's crash and began chasing Reutemann aggressively, sliding the Saudi Arabian-sponsored car around the last turn onto Ocean Boulevard, his tires kicking up silver-dollar-sized shards of the street and spinning them into the air. But the front wing on Jones' car suddenly began drooping like a Fu Manchu mustache, and his engine was stammering seriously enough to be jerking Jones' head forward and backward as he accelerated along the front straight. Eventually the combination of deteriorating handling and the misfire would drop Jones to seventh, third place going to the Tyrrell of Patrick Depailler and fourth to the Lotus of Ronnie Peterson.

Andretti's second-place finish came as a result of attrition, and mostly at the expense of the Brabham-Alfa Romeos of John Watson and Niki Lauda, who each retired while running second, Watson on the ninth lap with a broken driveshaft, Lauda on the 27th with lost fuel pressure. The scene in the Brabham pits shortly thereafter was Fellinesque, sleek race cars shrieking and speeding past, just feet from where Watson, six feet tall, was huddling over Lauda, 5′ 8″, in turn huddling over 5′ 6″ team manager Bernie Ecclestone, clad in a black leather jacket this sunny day, the three of them sheltering rock star Rod Stewart. It was not a scene likely to be seen at your quintessential American auto race.

Long Beach was the fourth of a scheduled 17 races in a Formula 1 season that has already provided several surprises of more significance than Stewart's guest appearance in the pits. Andretti led every lap of the first grand prix of the year, which was in Buenos Aires, emphasizing what really needed no emphasis, that the 38-year-old former Indianapolis 500 champion is determined to win the world driving title. Reutemann, who is nicknamed "Lole," won the Grand Prix of Brazil, the second race of the season, and his effortless victory amounted to a declaration of war by Michelin, the French tire company, against Goodyear. Until Reutemann's win on Michelins, Goodyear had won 80 consecutive grands prix. Andretti's teammate, Ronnie Peterson, whom they call "Super Swede," won the third race, in South Africa, but only after a sensational 23-year-old Italian named Riccardo Patrese, driving a sensational 3-month-old car called an Arrows, had led until his engine blew up.

But no matter how much attention was being paid to Andretti's obsession, Michelin's challenge or Patrese's emergence as a potential star, Andress Nikolaus Lauda, whom they call Niki, was the center of attention on the circuit. After winning the drivers' championship in 1975 and again in 1977, he had turned his back on Ferrari and joined the Brabham team at the end of last season.

Enzo Ferrari, 79 years old and racing automobiles for over half a century, takes anything less than complete allegiance as a personal rejection, and *Il Commendatore* never really forgave Lauda for his season-ending performance in 1976. On that occasion, in Japan, Lauda gave up any chance of winning another championship by withdrawing from the race, because he thought heavy rain had made the track unsafe. Nor was Lauda forgiven in Italy, where motor racing is discussed on the front pages of newspapers. But while the Italian press can be direct in expressing its displeasure, Signore Ferrari seldom speaks out. When he does, however, it is no small occasion, and last year he held a press conference to comment on what he referred to as Lauda's "treacherous defection."

"Since 1950 my Ferrari has shown an Italy which is not solely represented by spaghetti and music," he said. "It took abroad the image of a new Italy, that of an Italy based on the endeavor of Italians. The word *patria*—homeland—still exists in our vocabulary and the homeland is not to be denied, it is to be victorious and honored in all fields—including sports. Ferrari has won 22 titles, and I hope we will win another before I die. Racing cars are the sole purpose of my life. . . . Lauda on my side represents advantages, sorrow and worry. To have him compete against us will merely mean one more competitor."

Just so.

In that same press conference, Ferrari threw a few spears the way of Goodyear, which had supplied tires for all of the Formula 1 teams in 1977. Ferrari made clear his dissatisfaction and hinted that there might be a different tire in Ferrari's future. Sure enough, Michelin an-



Mario Andretti had to play a waiting game but it paid off with a second place in the U S Grand Prix West and a tie with Reutemann in the point standings

nounced shortly afterward that in 1978 it would supply tires for Ferrari (as well as for the French Renault team). It was a symbiotic arrangement; neither concern had much to lose, everything to gain. The Michelin tire was untried in competition; few teams would be willing to gamble with an unproved tire. However, the Ferrari team had unexpectedly been thrown into a rebuilding year with Lauda's defection, and a championship was not really expected of it. Reutemann is regarded as competent, occasionally brilliant, but not consistently of championship caliber, and Villeneuve is essentially a rookie. In effect, without Lauda, Ferrari had no championship to lose. But, if the Michelins should turn out to be faster tires than the Goodyears . . .

Which in two out of four races is precisely what has been the case. In Brazil and at Long Beach, Michelin was clearly the fastest tire. Rubber is racing's linchpin. All the horsepower of the world is of no use if it does not get to the ground. Michelin can shower Ferrari with a variety of rubber compounds, from tires as soft as chewing gum to ones as hard as a handball; a selection of about 200 tires was on hand at Long Beach. Goodyear, with 19 cars to help set up at Long Beach, cannot be so thorough. It is caught between a rock and a hard place, and all it can do—which it is doing—is assign its engineers in Akron to night shifts. Says Leo Mehl, Goodyear's director of racing, "Michelin wants to knock us off, that's what they want to do. They spent a lot of money, they got the prospects and they're in it to win. And devoting all their attention to one team is the easiest way to do it." Lotus, McLaren and Brabham, in particular, have pleaded that Goodyear pay more attention to them—that is, to offer them more tires at the expense of the slower teams—but Goodyear has, so far, done its best to keep everyone, even the teams with little chance of winning, supplied with the best tires possible.

So, Reutemann and Villeneuve qualified one-two on Michelins. "If they had Goodyears they would be ninth and 10th," scoffed Lauda. Meanwhile, the other teams worked frantically to find the fastest combination of tires and suspension settings, no simple task considering they had just four practice sessions totaling five hours to set up their complex racing machines.

Andretti, last year's come-from-behind winner, was among the drivers playing catch-up to Ferrari. Before the final qualifying session Saturday afternoon, in which he whittled his time down to 1:21.188—more than half a second slower than Reutemann and fourth fastest in the field—Andretti was muttering to himself. "We're struggling," he said. "I jacked that suspension all around. Last night I was cutting grooves in the tires by hand. What the heck, it used to work on the dirt tracks when I was racing midget cars. Thought I'd fall back on that experience."

And, considering Reutemann's and the Ferrari's and Michelin's strength this day, in a way it was experience that did pay off for Andretti. For if there is one thing he has learned in his 20 years of racing, it is patience, and patience won him six championship points on Sunday, points he so covets in his pursuit of the world driving championship. **END**

A FAVORITE WHO DIDN'T NEED LUCK'S FAVORS

Alydar, Calumet's outstanding 3-year-old, left a feline talisman and Believe It behind after an impressive win in the Florida Derby

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

A yellow and black cat of questionable origin and uncertain age sits inside the rear clubhouse gate at Hialeah every morning, causing trainers walking from the stable area to the track either to skirt it or pause and be given the right of way. Trainers going good call it "Cat Lucky."

At 8:20 a.m. last Friday, John Veitch, Alydar's trainer, walked up to the cat, squatted beside it and said, "Thanks, Lucky. It's been a good winter. Make sure you're here tomorrow at the same time."

By 8:15 the next morning the cat was there, and Veitch went up to it again, rubbed its head and stroked its sides while saying, "Thanks, Lucky. If it goes good today we're going to Kentucky on Monday. I'd take you with us, but there are too many people here who still need you. See you next year."

With or without Lucky's assistance, Alydar ran the best race of his career that afternoon at Gulfstream Park, winning the $150,000 Florida Derby in 1:47, a fifth of a second off the track record for 1⅛ miles, and the fastest time since Calumet Farm's Gen. Duke won the race in 1957, that marvelous year of Gen. Duke, Bold Ruler, Round Table, Gallant Man and Iron Liege. Alydar cruised handily past the finish line two lengths in front of Believe It, and Believe It ran an excellent race, one described by his rider, Eddie Maple, as "a generous, all-out effort." Added Maple, "Films may make it look like we got by Alydar in the stretch, but we never did. We got head to head with him, that's all. It was no match. Believe It didn't quit, Alydar just went on. He is one hell of a racehorse."

Although there were seven starters in the race, it was really a match between Alydar and Believe It. When the field came onto the track for the post parade, however, the crowd had decided that it was a mismatch: Alydar was 1 to 9 and Believe It 7 to 1. Eventually, Alydar went off at 20¢ on the dollar and Believe It at $3.60 to $1. Everyone assumed that Believe It, a disappointing fourth behind Alydar in the Flamingo a month earlier,

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Ridden by Jorge Velasquez, Alydar rekindled memories of another Calumet colt, Gen Duke, with a near record 1 47 for the 1⅛ miles at Gulfstream Park



would scoot to the front and that Alydar would have to catch him. Instead, a slow early pace found Alydar running second, ahead of Believe It, and taking over the lead at the end of six furlongs in a slow 1:11⅘. Coming to the stretch turn, Believe *It hustled up to challenge Alydar*, and the two matched strides for about a sixteenth of a mile before Alydar drew off with astonishing strength. His Florida Derby win, following his equally powerful victory in the Flamingo, did nothing to discourage the Alydar camp in its hopes for the Triple Crown.

Two hours after the race Alydar had been vanned back to Hialeah and stood in Stall 2, Barn AA on the backstretch, where Veitch had yanked a bale of Washington hay up onto a rack. "We go to Kentucky now," Veitch said, "and 10 bales of this hay go with him. That should be enough to get him through the Derby. We only use Washington hay for him. We've tried other hay and it gives him a slight colic. The proper hay for a horse is more important than any forms of vitamins or supplements."

In addition to being an expert on the dietary habits of horseflesh, the 32-year-old Veitch is bright, pragmatic, witty, thorough and sensitive. His father Sylvester was a trainer and, he says, "If it hadn't been for him I'd be working on the racetrack as either a stall mucker or a night watchman. He trained for the best of owners, the Whitneys and Wideners, so I got to look at racing from the best of angles. By the time I was five or six years old I knew that this was what I wanted to do. Some people go on the racetrack to hustle or win a bet or scuffle around trying to make money by claiming or selling horses. I came on the racetrack to train horses like Alydar. There is a certain feeling one gets about being around a horse like Alydar or Our Mims [Calumet's outstanding filly] which cannot be bought. A good horse, when seen up close, transmits something to you that no other animal can. He shows you strength and valor and heart and beauty."

Veitch was a college football halfback at Bradley University in Peoria, Ill. "I had swivel hips and the heart of a chicken," he says. "But I got a letter and was injured a lot. Before that, I went to military school at McDonogh in Baltimore with several other racetrack kids. I ran away from school so many times that I used to get put down in the boiler room when I came back. Bad guy. I was searching for something, and it took me a while to realize that what I truly wanted was *all I knew, the racetrack*.

"Now I'm getting the biggest chance of all, the opportunity to take a good run at the Kentucky Derby with a very good racehorse. I believe this is what I was meant to do, and I don't fear it. We could get beat, but I've been beaten before in big races. How many trainers ever get a chance to even start a horse in the Derby? How many trainers get a horse like Alydar? I'm lucky, but I know that five weeks from now I've also got to be ready. We've both got to be ready, Alydar and Veitch. And we will be."

There are problems that come with training a good horse, however, and last week Veitch was faced with two big ones. Clyde Sparks, Alydar's groom, was walking a 2-year-old outside the Calumet barn when a stray goat crossed in front, causing the young horse to spook, rear up and kick Sparks with two hellish blows, breaking four ribs. Sparks went to the *hospital but got out in time to be at Gulfstream* for the Florida Derby.

In a subsequent incident, Alydar's regular rider, Jorge Velasquez, was slammed against the inside of the Gulfstream starting gate five days before the big race. He injured a hip and was brought back to riding form in slow, delicate stages. He rode one race Friday and took but two mounts before being hoisted up on Alydar Saturday. After riding a perfect race, Velasquez walked slowly from the winner's circle. His wife Margarita supported him because he was limping noticeably. "I feel O.K.," he said. "Not great, just O.K."

It was the only negative moment of the day for Calumet.

AN AFFIRMATIVE ANSWER

When Steve Cauthen watches Affirmed race, it is usually from behind the chestnut colt's braided mane, with dirt clods and the curses of other jockeys flying through the air. But last Sunday afternoon at the $195,300 Santa Anita Derby, Cauthen was dressed in a brown suit instead of black, white and flamingo silks. He sat in a box seat and watched Laffit Pincay Jr. ride Affirmed to a whopping eight-length victory, a victory that kept Affirmed neck and neck with Alydar on the road to Churchill Downs. The time for the mile and an eighth was 1:48 on a track officially rated "fast," but slowed somewhat by recent rains.

Cauthen was a spectator instead of a rider because he lost his appeal of a suspension for an interference foul in a six-furlong sprint March 9. He was suspended by the Santa Anita stewards for five racing days starting March 15. That meant he would have missed riding Affirmed in the $65,100 San Felipe Handicap on March 18.

Cauthen got a stay from Superior Court Judge Arnold Miller and rode in the San Felipe, but last week the California Horse Racing Board upheld the stewards and sat Cauthen down again, this time making him miss the much more lucrative Derby.

Finding a new rider was not a difficult task for Trainer Laz Barrera because every jock on the grounds was panting for the chance. Pincay had won aboard Affirmed at Hollywood Park once, and Angel Cordero Jr. had ridden him twice. Barrera and owner Louis Wolfson decided to flip a coin and Pincay won.

As for Affirmed, there was little evidence that even a heavyweight wrestler on his back would have made much difference. His main opposition figured to come from Balzac, a son of Buckpasser, who was the best 2-year-old based in California last year, and Noble Bronze, who had won the $155,000 California Derby four weeks before.

Affirmed broke well, shared the lead into the first turn, took it for good in the backstretch and won, as Pincay said, "with plenty left." Balzac was second.

"This horse has every chance to be like Secretariat," said Pincay. "He does absolutely anything and everything you ask of him." Jorge Velasquez, Alydar's jockey, saw the race and was impressed by Affirmed. "I don't know what he beat today," Velasquez said, "but he certainly did it easy enough."

—Joe Jares

CORNELL STAYED DOWN ON THE FARM

Which is the Big Red's way of saying it held off overconfidence and small-college champion Hobart to triumph in lacrosse's Super Bowl **by JOE MARSHALL**



Before meeting small-college powerhouse Hobart last week, in what was billed as the Super Bowl of lacrosse, Cornell Coach Richie Moran covered the blackboard in his team's locker room with his favorite aphorisms. BE YOURSELF. SEEIN' RED FOR 60 MINUTES. HAPPINESS IS BEATING HOBART. IT'S GREAT TO BE HERE! Notably absent, however, was one of Moran's old reliables: STAY DOWN ON THE FARM—his way of warning his players not to get too cocky or overconfident. It was not that Moran thought the admonishment unnecessary in preparing for what figured to be the game of the year, it was just that he chose to hammer the message home orally. These days keeping the Big Red players down on the farm is Moran's biggest chore. After all, not one of them has ever lost a varsity or freshman game at Cornell.

Moran's team kept that record intact by squeaking past Hobart 13–11 before 10,500 fans at Cornell's Schoellkopf Field. That triumph and a 17–7 trouncing of Massachusetts four days later gave the Big Red 32 consecutive wins over the past three years. The longest winning streak in college lacrosse is 33 games by Navy from 1964 to 1967. Cornell can surpass that record next week in Baltimore by beating Johns Hopkins.

The Big Red's last loss was to Navy in the 1975 NCAA semifinals. At that time this season's All-America seniors—Attackman Tom Marino; Midfielders Craig Jaeger and Bob (Hondo) Henrickson; and the entire defense of Chris Kane, Bob Katz and Frank (Patience) Muehleman—were required by Ivy League rules to play on the freshman team. That squad finished with a 9–0 record. The Ivy League dropped its freshman-ineligible rule in lacrosse in 1976, and that year and in 1977 Cornell became the first Division I school to win back-to-back NCAA tournaments, with records of 16–0 and 13–0.

But until last week there had been a slight hollowness to Cornell's accomplishments. To the Big Red's chagrin, a lot of the lacrosse headlines have been devoted to tiny Hobart (enrollment 1,050), located on Seneca Lake about 45 miles north of Cornell's outpost high above Cayuga's waters. Not only has Hobart won Division II titles the past two seasons, but it also had reached the tournament finals the two years before that, losing each time by a single goal.

Last year the Statesmen were anything but diplomatic, humiliating opponents by an average margin of more than 17 goals on their way to a 15–0 record. A March 1977 game with Cornell was snowed out, and at season's end, after Hobart had easily beaten Washington College and Cornell had trounced Hopkins for their respective championships, a debate arose over which school had the best team.

To add drama to last week's confrontation, in a preseason poll of lacrosse coaches Cornell and Hobart were unanimously picked to repeat as NCAA titlists. Baltimore may still be the home of the oriole, Blaze Starr and crab cakes, but the capital of lacrosse has moved north to the scenic Finger Lakes region of New York.

Considering all the championship trophies and lofty rankings, keeping players down on the farm requires a deft touch. Fortunately for Cornell, Moran is blessed with more than his share of blarney. "Richie should have sold used cars," says Marino. "He would have made a million dollars." Maybe more. After all, he has sold his players on the notion that they are beatable.

To keep Big Red players in line, Moran constantly needles them. When they moan about his Parris Island-style practices or a game plan that seems unduly demanding, he casually remarks, "That's one of the nice things about having depth." No one takes his statements at face value—there is always a twinkle in his eye—but the underlying message is unmistakable. "Richie never stops giving it to us," says Kane, who last year was voted the outstanding defenseman in the country. "On the first day of practice he walked up to me and said, 'Don't be surprised if you get cut from the squad. That award you won last year . . . what baloney.' Lately he's been telling me to expect thank-you letters in the mail. He says the way I've played I've already made two attackmen All-Americas."

Before the Hobart game, Moran was uncharacteristically serious. Referring to an earlier 18–12 exhibition win over Mt. Washington, the 1977 champion among lacrosse clubs, and an impressive 16–3 season-opening triumph against Cortland (N.Y.) State, Moran told his players, "Those are games that you'll remember all year. This is a game you'll remember all your life."

Cornell started as if it truly wanted to make the occasion memorable. Playing almost flawlessly, the Big Red scored the game's first five goals and took a 7–2 halftime lead. The score might have been



Cornell's Creig Jaeger (center) fought past Hobart's white-shorted defense to score four goals

more lopsided had it not been for some sensational play by Hobart Goalie Rick Blick. On defense, Kane and his mates swarmed all over the Statesmen, particularly Attackman Terry Corcoran, who was Hobart's high scorer last season, averaging four goals per game. Corcoran had Patience Muehleman, whose nickname reflects the tenacity of his defense, for a dancing partner all afternoon, and whenever Corcoran made a move to the cage, he was buffeted by the Big Red's other defenders. "We turn to the basic fundamentals of cleaning a guy's clock when we have to," says Kane. Corcoran never scored. Nor did he contemplate writing any thank-you letters.

But at halftime Moran began to worry. He sensed a letdown, a loss of enthusiasm and, yes, overconfidence. Vainly he tried to shake his team's complacency by making them stand and hold hands, normally a pregame ritual. In the other locker room, Hobart Coach Jerry Schmidt offered a simple halftime message: "Anybody who thinks we can't come back shouldn't go out there again."

Schmidt had history on his side. In 1972, when Cornell was the defending national champion, it held a 7–4 halftime lead in a game against Hobart. The Statesmen rallied for an 11–10 upset.

A replay of that comeback did not seem possible after Jaeger's second and third goals of the game helped Cornell keep its five-goal margin until late in the third quarter. But as a drizzle turned into a downpour, the Big Red offense suddenly went soggy. Incredibly, for 11½ minutes in the third and fourth quarters, Cornell failed to get a shot off. "Our offense is based on six-man patterns, on moving the ball," said Moran, "but suddenly everyone was trying to do it all alone. We played right into the hands of their defense."

During that span, Hobart's scorers were chipping away at the Cornell lead. With 4:15 left in the game, freshman Midfielder Mark Darcangelo danced through the Big Red defense and bounced a shot past Goalie John Griffin to give the Statesmen an 11–10 lead. It was Hobart's sixth consecutive goal.

Surprisingly, Moran did not call a time-out. "My players knew what they needed to do," he said. "Sometimes it takes a traumatic experience to wake them up." Within 42 seconds Cornell had tied the score. First, Marino settled the team by taking the ball behind the cage. That started up the Big Red patterns again. Then, when a Statesman defender dropped off Cornell Midfielder John Sierra to double-team Marino, Marino quickly flipped to Sierra for the tying goal. The winning score came less than two minutes later, when Jaeger, unassisted, fired in his fourth goal.

Hobart had one last chance to tie the score. Darcangelo took the shot, a high, hard liner from about 15 yards out. Griffin netted it easily above his left shoulder. "I tried to put it in the corner, but I just put it right in his stick," said a downcast Darcangelo. "He's a right-handed goalie, so I thought I could stick the ball in the left corner. It sure looked open to me."

Cornell added the final, superfluous goal with four seconds left when Steve Page attempted a shot from 10 yards in front of the cage just as he was hit by two onrushing defensemen and Blick. The ball blooped into the air over the defenders and bounced ever so slowly into the goal as the frustrated Blick threw his stick after it.

Despite the loss, Schmidt was pleased with Hobart's play. "I think the two best teams playing lacrosse were definitely out there today," he said. "I know it's early to say that, but I think the season will prove me right." Schmidt then visited the Cornell locker room to congratulate the Big Red players. "We're rooting for you," he told them. "More than anything else, let's keep the national titles in upstate New York."

Hobart's strong showing against Cornell can only enhance its stature in Division II. Jaeger, for his part, felt that the Big Red gained more than just a win. "That was a good game for us, because it taught us that we have to keep our poise," he said. "We lost it out there. We were running around like chickens with our heads chopped off. That won't happen again."

No doubt the Big Red will now start running around like chickens that have learned the value of staying down on the farm. **END**



This year's Celtics were not the kind of team Hondo would care to remember. But he never quit running and driving, as here against the Nuggets' Bobby Jones

IT'S THE END OF A LONG, LONG RUN

Through 16 seasons and more games—1,441—than anyone else has played, John Havlicek has gone full tilt for the Celtics. This weekend, at age 38, his farewell tour ended, he comes to a stop in Boston Garden

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

The images linger, freeze-frames from a grainy newsreel. There are the crew cut and the big ears and the goofy half-moon smile in the team picture. There are the amazing last-second shots which seemed at the time to have been launched in panic but which New Englanders have come to identify as merely "runnahs." There is the dramatic steal in 1965 against Philadelphia that won a playoff series and set off a mob scene and the unbelievable basket against Phoenix that saved a championship and provoked another riotous celebration fully 11 years later. Always there has been the running from baseline to baseline . . . click . . . the running . . . click, click. Now, at the end, still the running . . . click. This Sunday afternoon—for the first and last time—John Havlicek will stop running. After more than 30,000 points and 9,000 rebounds and nearly 7,000 assists, not to mention eight championships and two months of farewell festivities throughout the land, Havlicek will show up for his final game down there on the shining parquet floor of the Boston Garden. If he doesn't slip while wading through the tears, he may even get to play in it. That accomplished, it would be Havlicek's 1,441st game (including playoffs, for those without a program), which in turn would be more games in the NBA than anybody else, flesh and blood or bionic, ever played.

Because of this, Buffalo at Boston April 9 will be a media event: old Celtics, political personages, presidential messages, Jimmy the Greek and the like. But one hopes John Havlicek's last game will be much more than that, too.

For those who may have nodded off

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

through much of the past two decades and missed Vietnam, Watergate and Mary Tyler Moore, not to mention the changing face of U.S. sport, John Havlicek survives as one of the few remaining links to American pop culture past. Not only for the way he played the games—flat out, at both ends, in two different positions, his versatility making him perhaps the finest player in the history of the NBA—but also for the type of man he is. Havlicek's retirement is a watershed on our domestic sports calendar.

Recently certain critics have rudely knifed through Havlicek's career-long diplomatic immunity to question the propriety of his personally orchestrated final trek through the league wherein at every stop he has been accorded hosannas and rewarded with enough appliances to fill backstage at *The Price Is Right*. One man went so far as to remark that attracting a full house by the presentation of an oversized soft pretzel trophy, Tastykakes and a 10-pound salami—a few of the 76ers' chosen gifts—was not exactly a fitting monument to Havlicek.

Even Celtic Center Dave Cowens had to laugh at his teammate's shrewdness. "The man mentions he likes motorboating and immediately a motor is produced in Seattle," Cowens said. "Chicago will probably come up with the boat."

And yet, how is a legend supposed to pass from the scene? Obviously Havlicek wished to avoid copying the tardy, tawdry leave-takings of some of the other heroes of his era. Elgin Baylor benched, Oscar Robertson unwanted. Even Jerry West, who, unlike the above, recognized full well when his time was up, marked the occasion by abruptly walking out of a Laker preseason camp, leaving his team high and dry and, maybe even more unforgivable, denying his legion of admirers one final look, one clap, one tear.

And yet, perhaps more than any of the stars, more than anybody, period, Havlicek has always related to the masses, and they to him.

In the enigmatic social strata of the NBA, Havlicek's race certainly is a factor. But so is his unique game—a relentless all-court activity based on intellect and hustle and execution. Cliché though it may be, Havlicek is the quintessential throwback to the old days, to the pre-trillionaire days, to the days when players cared about such trivial items as pride, teamwork and the difference between winning and losing.

Though he vehemently denies that the radical change in Celtic personnel over the past year and a half and the subsequent collapse of the once prideful team has anything to do with his decision to quit, one wonders. How really invigorating could it have been for Havlicek to continue playing alongside the likes of Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe, who once emerged from the shower after a humiliating 30-point defeat to announce, "What's everybody upset about? The W's and L's don't show up on the paychecks."

No, whatever he says, there was no way Havlicek could have risked his soul any longer in such an environment.

Another Celtic teammate, Kermit Washington, says this: "A lot of people have trouble identifying with the great talents like Dr. J and Kareem and the rest. But they know and love Havlicek because John wasn't born the best. He had to depend on hustle and determination and guts to get through all those years and win all those games. Fans relate to that."

Bob Cousy, risking sacrilege, remembers Havlicek when he came out of Ohio State and joined the Celtics for the 1962-63 season as a "non-shooter who would probably burn himself out." But Havlicek taught himself to shoot the next summer. Of course, this week, just like the Cooz said, Havlicek will burn himself out. Specifically, along about Saturday—when he becomes 38 years old.

Ironically, it was also Cousy who inspired Havlicek's cross-country retirement proceedings. No. 17's first season back there in the '60s was No. 14's last, and Havlicek always was to remember the road trips during which Cousy was honored on his final tour around what was then a nine-team NBA. "I was impressed with the positivity of the end," Havlicek said last week. "I wanted something like that. Of course it is a gate hype. But the NBA has been great to me. It set me up for life. The fans are responsible, and the franchises, too. If I can help out and get some more people in the buildings, I'm happy to do it."

Just a sampling of the encomiums that keep pouring in from his peers manifests how special an athlete Havlicek is (this confounded machine refuses to print "was").

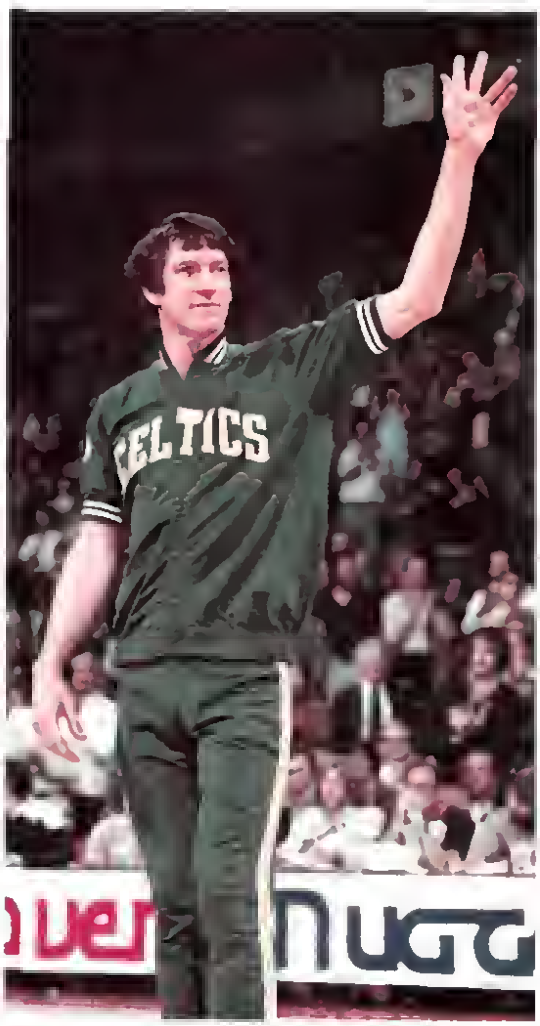
Phoenix' Paul Westphal: "John is the one guy in the NBA who has never made a mistake."

Golden State's Rick Barry: "Havlicek is the only true superstar."

Detroit's Bob Lanier: "He's apple pie, hot dogs and all that stuff. His greatest contribution is as a model for our kids."

Los Angeles' Jerry West: "The guy is the ambassador of our sport. John always gave his very best every night and had time for everybody—teammates, fans,

continued



In Denver, he acknowledged a standing ovation

the press. He is simply the ideal everybody expects an athlete to be."

If you or anybody in your neighborhood has ever heard or read anything bad about Havlicek, you are urged to report whoever is spreading the infamy to police headquarters immediately. Aside from some major philosophical differences with his former teammate and coach, Tom Heinsohn—stemming from Heinsohn's letting Havlicek's close friend and Ohio State teammate, Larry Siegfried, go in the expansion draft of 1970—there is no record of Havlicek uttering a harsh word on any subject.

"The man has lived an extremely clean life," says his onetime roommate and present coach, Satch Sanders. "He has remained untouched by the broadening experiences of the world."

Havlicek's famous public moniker, "Hondo," was inspired by the John Wayne movie, but for years his teammates have called him Czech after the last syllable of his name. And when they make fun of him, it is usually about his fastidiousness in the locker room, where Czech places each piece of clothing on a separate hook, lines up his toiletries on the shelf according to height and folds his uniform square to the corners. "Czech's the only man in the NBA who keeps his socks on a hanger," says Celtic Trainer Frank Challant.

"That's not so funny," says Havlicek. "I'm a man of routine and discipline. My socks have to dry out. My whole life has been thought out."

And so, then, the end of his basketball career.

Havlicek wanted to reveal his intentions during the first week of the season, but when the Celtics got off to their horrid start General Manager Red Auerbach persuaded him to hold off.

Slowed by a preseason appendectomy and playing less than usual, Havlicek averaged only 12 points in his first 20 games. As the season disintegrated, with Jo Jo White being shelved with injuries, Charlie Scott being traded and Heinsohn being replaced by Sanders, Havlicek began to be counted on more and more, as in bygone times. He responded by averaging 16 points and 34 minutes a game, second only to Cowens on the club. In March, during one stretch of four games in consecutive days, Havlicek scored 20, 32, 25 and 27 points. Performances like that silenced doubts about his future usefulness, but Havlicek never looked back.

When he announced his retirement on Jan. 29, Havlicek mentioned that as he traveled the league for the last time he wanted to take "a little piece of every building and capture the memories." But in the first couple of cities he tried out his Sarah Bernhardt tour he was nervous and uneasy during the ceremonies, halting in the midst of his valedictory speeches. "I don't take compliments well," he said.

By last week, however, Havlicek had heard and said the same things so many times that the act had become studied. The Celtics were even dozing through it.

Before Boston defeated the crippled Portland Trail Blazers 104–92 on Tuesday in his final appearance in the Northwest, Havlicek was given a prolonged standing ovation during which even the champion Blazers stood up and applauded and saluted him as he turned round and round, waving to the crowd. Still, he was apparently unmoved. Moreover, in Denver the next night, though the sellout crowd was again loud and effusive, the honored guest's remarks were dull, flat, strained—even as wife Beth showed up glowing in a blue suit and enormous corsage.

"The captain's going stale with this thing," said Cowens.

"John's never been emotional," said Beth. "I say, 'Wow, look at that sunset,' and if he says, 'Yes, it's nice,' that means it's a fabulous sunset. He's not one to get lumps in the throat. He's not one to cry."

Somebody should have cried about the way the Celtics blew a five-point lead in the last 59 seconds to lose to the Nuggets 109–106. Havlicek was stripped of the ball by David Thompson and had an Alley Oop pass to Cowens deflected by Dan Issel, both in the last minute.

The fact that the once proud and machinelike Celtics had to resort to such a gimmick maneuver in a crisis was evidence enough how far the team has fallen, but that was just a synopsis of the entire season. The Boston T party (T for Treason) continued unabated Friday night back home when San Antonio wiped out a 17-point deficit to beat the Celtics 120–117 after George Gervin blocked Havlicek's game-tying attempt with 31 seconds left. And then on Sun-

continued



As the clock winds down, the Celtics' old man has averaged 34 minutes, second highest on the club

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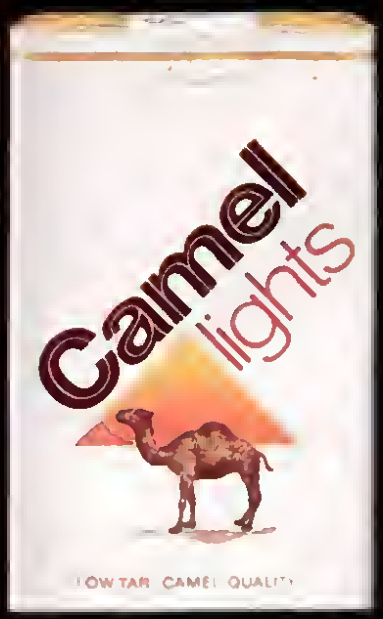
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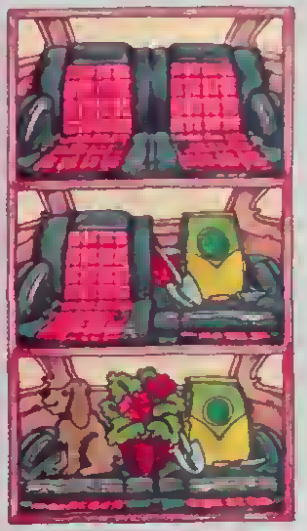
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day, the final ignominy. Boston lost to Indiana 123–120, and was thereby eliminated from the playoffs for the first time since 1971.

Maybe it was just as well that the locals were now relieved of worrying about such mundane matters as the playoffs and could gird themselves for "John Havlicek Weekend."

Cowens was asked if he felt sentimental. "I don't think it's sentiment," he said. "The way I figure, John's never had a definite profile like Bill Russell or Cousy. He's played all these games without being recognized, and now everybody is apologizing for it. You tell me how many class guys there are like him anywhere. They ought to retire his number from the whole NBA. Just take 17 and stash it up there in lights."

Havlicek had two away games left—a quickie trip to Chicago and one to Providence—before coming home to close out the season. He had received his praise and prizes everywhere else with casual grace and practiced coolness. Surely, Boston would be different: three games of celebration, two nights and a final afternoon of melancholy and *Auld Lang Syne*. How could even this bravest of runners outrun his feelings?

"I'm not thinking about it," Havlicek said. "I want this thing to be upbeat, positive, unemotional. I have soft spots, but I don't think they'll come out on Sunday."

Nonetheless, a precedent had been set. Several weeks ago the Havlicek family sat at home watching a TV special in which the man of the house was all over the screen doing wonderful things with the basketball, the song *Nobody Does It Better* was on the soundtrack and a voice was saying that all of this would come to an end on April 9.

Beth Havlicek had already started to shake when 7-year-old Chris could take it no longer and ran upstairs weeping. When John reached the boy, Chris had all the pictures of his old man and himself in their Celtic uniforms spread out on the bedroom floor. "Chris just cried and cried," said his father. "I was really touched."

This weekend in Boston there will be a few more tears, and No. 17 will be touched again. What that means, John Havlicek, is that you have had a fabulous sunset. **END**

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BASEBALL 1978

ROD CAREW



Although a handful of players are demanding that their contracts be renegotiated or are threatening to become free agents, the upcoming season has the feel of the good old days. The Yankees are the defending champions, as they always used to be, and they are again the favorites, as they always used to be. The runaway races of the early seasons of divisional play have become closer the past few summers, and in the months ahead there again should be some furious two- and three-team races. And this summer legendary records are no longer under assault, now that Lou Brock has joined Henry Aaron in surpassing the most imposing achievements of Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth.

This is not to say that no individuals are worthy of special notice. Pete Rose certainly will be, as he collects the 34 hits he needs to become the 13th player to get 3,000 in his career. But there are two men not old enough to have many Ruthian, or Rosean, lifetime statistics—Rod Carew of Minnesota, 32, and George Foster of Cincinnati, 29—who are even more deserving of attention and acclaim. Last season's extraordinary performances by these two quiet players were unduly obscured by Reggie Jackson's World Series slugging. Even the selection of Carew and Foster as their leagues' Most Valuable Players led to little fanfare. But, as the following statistics compiled by Jim Kaplan indicate, they were not garden-variety MVPs. Ruth and Cobb would have been proud of what Carew and Foster wrought in 1977. Carew is assured of a place in the Hall of Fame, even if he never gets another hit; if Foster has a couple more seasons like '77, he'll join him in Cooperstown.

* *

In 1977 Carew hit .3880, the highest average since Ted Williams' .3881 in 1957. With one more hit, Carew would have had the highest average since Williams' .406 in 1941. With only eight more he would have batted .400.

* *

Last season Carew outhit all other big-leaguers by 50 points; Dave Parker of the Pirates was second at .338. The spread was the widest in modern baseball history.

* *

Last year Carew's lifetime average rose from .328 to .335. He jumped 10 notches into 26th place on the list of the all-time best hitters, passing, among others, Al Simmons, Paul Waner, Stan Musial, Heinie Manush, Honus Wagner and John McGraw. Carew has batted .358 over the past five seasons. Another five years at that pace would put him in 14th place, at .343, and he will have passed Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Harry Heilmann, George Sisler and Bill Terry. His present average is the highest—by 22 points—among active players with 10 or more years of service.

* *

Carew's 239 hits were the most since Terry's 254 in 1930. Carew averaged 1.54 hits per game. During his 11-year career he has averaged 1.28.

* *

Baseball's best bunter, Carew beat out 20 in '77. He has a deceptive bunting motion that disguises his intentions until the last split second, and he can bunt with backspin. He is not afraid to lay one down with two strikes on him.

Last season Carew hit .418 by day and .367 at night, but he prefers batting under the lights! He likes cool weather, which is unusual for a Panamanian, claims he can see the ball better at night, which is contrary to what most players say, and finds the air, especially in California, cleaner after dark. He hit .401 at home and .374 on the road.

★★★

Carew finished at .388 despite slumps of 1 for 17 and 2 for 19. He claims he has lost no sleep over the eight hits he needed to bat .400, but he vividly recalls an 0-for-4 day against California in which he hit the ball hard every time. He is also well aware of his strong finish. "Another week and I might have hit .400," he says.

★★★

Here is an indication of how difficult it is to hit .400. On July 10 Carew was batting .401. Between July 11 and Aug. 25 his average dropped to .374, but during that period he went hitless in only six of 42 games. In that span, he had hitting streaks of five, seven, 10 and 14 games.

★★★

Carew has won six batting titles. Only Cobb (12), Wagner (eight), Hornsby (seven) and Musial (seven) won more. And Carew easily might have won others. After his first crown in 1969, he suffered a knee injury early in the 1970 season when he was hitting .376. He returned to the lineup in September and finished with a league-leading .366, but he did not bat enough times to qualify for the championship. While rehabilitating his knee in 1971, he fell off to .307. He has won the batting title every year since—except in 1976, when he lost out on the last day of the season.

★★★

Carew's 16 career steals of home are a major league record. In 1969 he stole home seven times, breaking Cobb's American League record and tying Pete Reiser's big league mark.

★★★

Carew finished 1977 with 351 total bases and a .570 slugging percentage, both second in the league to Boston's Jim Rice. Normally not a power hitter, Carew had an unusually large number of long hits: 14 home runs, 16 triples and 38 doubles. He also had 100 RBIs. All were personal highs.

★★★

In 1972 Carew won a batting title without hitting a homer. Only two others—Ginger Beaumont of Pittsburgh (.357 in 1902) and Brooklyn's Zack Wheat (.335 in 1918)—went homerless while winning titles.

★★★

Carew has 1,897 hits. By midseason he should join Rose, Carl Yastrzemski, Rusty Staub, Brock, Bert Campaneris and Willie McCovey as active players with 2,000 or more hits. At his present pace Carew will reach 3,000 by 1984.

★★★

Last year Carew had eight games with four or more hits and once scored five runs.

★★★

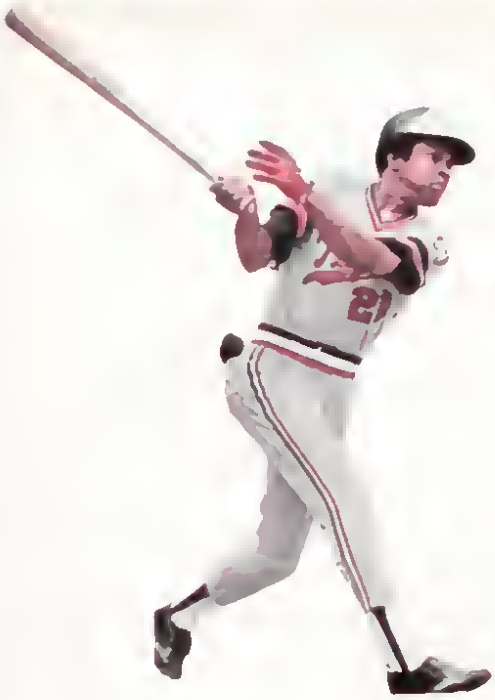
Carew's best months were June, when he hit .486, and September (.439). He hit .400 or better against Chicago (.492), New York (.450), Texas (.446), Toronto (.432), Milwaukee (.429), Boston (.422), Cleveland (.400) and Oakland (.400).

continued

Masters In Our Midst

GEORGE FOSTER





In addition to leading the league in batting average, Carew was first in runs (128), hits (239), singles (171) and triples (16). He led the good-hitting Twins with 38 doubles, 351 total bases, a .570 slugging percentage, 155 games played, 616 at bats, 23 stolen bases, only 55 strikeouts and just six double-play grounders.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Most Valuable Player was not the only honor Carew won in 1977. He was named to the All-Star team for the 11th consecutive year and made it with 4,292,740 votes, the most ever.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Some oddities about Carew: he was born on a train in Panama. The doctor who delivered him was named Rodney Cline, so Carew's parents named him Rodney Cline Carew. He came to the U.S. at age 15, but is still a citizen of Panama.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

In the MVP balloting, Carew received 12 first-place votes out of a possible 28 and outpolled the second-place finisher, Al Cowens of Kansas City, 273–217 in total points. Unbelievably, one elector left Carew off his ballot. Carew's handicap was playing for a fourth-place team.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

When Carew was playing Little League ball in Panama, he won his first MVP title. The reward: a Ted Williams bat.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Asked what her father does for a living, Carew's 4-year-old daughter Charryse said, "Daddy strikes out."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

George Foster's 52 home runs last season placed him among baseball's immortals. Every one of the nine 50-homer men who preceded him is either in the Hall of Fame or has received votes for enshrinement. Foster's .320 was 10 points below their average, but his 149 runs batted in were four above it. Only three other National Leaguers—Hack Wilson, Willie Mays and Ralph Kiner—have hit 50, and no one in either league had done it since Mays hit 52 in 1965.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Foster has led the National League in RBIs each of the last two seasons. The only players to do that in the past 30 years have been McCovey (1968-69) and Ernie Banks (1958-59).

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Foster's 52 homers were the third highest in National League history, trailing only Wilson's 56 in 1930 and Kiner's 54 in 1949. Foster came within one RBI of becoming the second National Leaguer to hit 50 homers and drive in 150 runs during the same season. Wilson had 56 and 190 in 1930.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Foster hit two or more homers in eight games last season. The major league record of 11 was set by Hank Greenberg in 1938, and the National League mark of 10 by Ralph Kiner in 1947.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

In addition to homers and RBIs, Foster led the league with 388 total bases, the most in his league since Aaron's 400 in 1959, and 124 runs; he was among the





leaders in average (.320), doubles (31), *at bats (615) and strikeouts (107).*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Only seven times has a National Leaguer had 150 or more RBIs. Foster's 149 were the most since 1962, when Tommy Davis drove in 153.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A right-handed batter, Foster had 20 homers off lefthanders and 32 off righties. He hit 21 at home and 31 on the road. He had none until his eighth game and only four almost a quarter of the way through the season. Beginning May 25, he hit seven in six games. Thereafter he never went as many as 10 games without a home run and peaked in July and August, with 12 in each month.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Foster uses a black bat and steps out of the box more than anyone in the majors. His power is out of proportion to his 6′ 1″, 185-pound build. Since Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium opened in 1970, only eight balls have been hit into the upper deck. Foster has hit three, including two last season. One, on Aug. 3, is Riverfront's longest. An engineer estimated that it might have come to earth as far as 720 feet from home plate if it hadn't hit the stands.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Foster's lifetime statistics are not breathtaking because he has had only three impressive seasons. But they have come consecutively, and each has been dramatically better than its predecessor. If he were to increase his output as much in 1978 as he did in 1977, he would hit .334 with 75 homers and 177 RBIs.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Named on all 24 ballots, Foster was selected the National League's MVP even though he did not play for a pennant winner. That had happened only 15 times in 46 previous elections. He was Cincinnati's fourth Most Valuable Player in the past six years, joining Joe Morgan (1975-76), Rose (1973) and Johnny Bench (1972). Foster received 15 first-place votes to nine for Philadelphia's Greg Luzinski. In players' balloting for a similar award, Foster outpolled Luzinski 155–24.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"There are four parts of self that lead to success," Foster once said. "The first part is discipline, the second is concentration, third is patience, and fourth is faith."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Foster first attracted notice in the big leagues in 1972, when he raced home on a wild pitch to give the Reds the pennant. Afterward, he suffered through a dry spell, including a demotion to the minors in 1973. While at Triple-A Indianapolis, he visited a hypnotist who enabled him to regain his confidence—and his swing. Foster subsequently earned his nickname, the Destroyer.

Foster is a quiet bachelor who takes his Bible and his mother on trips, but he is not humorless. After his 43rd homer last year, he was asked if he would reach 50. "Well, I'm 28 now," he said. "If I keep my health, live a clean life and take vitamins, I think I'll reach 50."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

If Foster gets 50 again this season, it will mean that umpires and catchers will have 50 fewer pitches to argue about. As the following story points out, their discussions run the gamut from subtle to unseemly. Next up are scouting reports on all 26 teams and a quiz to help sharpen your wits for the season ahead. And to start the season off right, turn to page 92 for a unique look at Opening Day and other baseball traditions.

CONTINUED



The Despot and the Diplomat

by MELISSA LUDTKE

Catchers and home-plate umpires are almost certainly the oddest of all sport's odd couples. Crouching and sweating together beneath layers of padding and suffering like bruises from foul tips and curves in the dirt, they play a game within a game, one in which other players are seldom involved. The catcher acts as his team's diplomat, his words usually as guarded and as subtly delivered as his signs to the pitcher. The umpire is an autocrat, often congenial, sometimes unyielding. However, the peace between the diplomat and the benevolent despot is tenuous and often destroyed. When this happens, their masks fly, and what began as a discussion inaudible to virtually everyone else in the park becomes as much of a show as an Ali weigh-in. That's exactly what happened one day late last season when Umpire Don Denkinger miscalled the first pitch of a game.

Red Sox Catcher Carlton Fisk caught that pitch, a fastball, after it crossed the middle of the plate.

"Ball one," said Denkinger.

Fisk, outraged and astounded, leaped straight up, hitting Denkinger under the chin with his catcher's helmet. "How in hell can you call that a ball?" he screamed.

"Take it easy! Take it easy!" Denkinger said.

"You're in for a bleep day if you keep calling pitches like that," said Fisk.

"It's the first pitch. What do you want to do? Hang me?"

"The first pitch. If I let you get away with that, the entire afternoon will be awful."

"So I blew it," said Denkinger. "Relax. I know I missed it."

"You sure as hell did miss it. And I'm jumping on you simply to wake you up."

continued



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROY ANDERSEN





BASEBALL *continued*

Rarely does a catcher greet the umpire with such an outburst. The early innings are a period when players become acquainted with the umpire's strike zone and the tempo of his calls. Denkinger was flabbergasted by Fisk's eruption, and that was precisely what Fisk intended. He wanted to startle Denkinger and he did it by abrogating the unspoken rules of home-plate conduct. By quickly throwing the ball back to the pitcher, by not turning around, by not jumping up, the catcher obeys these rules. For his part, an umpire will have an easier time of it if he answers a catcher's questions, which is child's play compared to the alternative—jawing with a discontented pitcher 50 or 60 feet away.

"The umpire is not a machine. He is not a computer and he is not a robot," says Dodger Catcher Steve Yeager, whose six seasons have taught him the value of a gentle approach. "The umpire is human and entitled to a few mistakes." No matter how firmly he believes that, Yeager, like other catchers, cannot let umps' mistakes go entirely unchallenged, because he is literally caught in the middle, his face toward the pitcher, his back brushing against the umpire. It is his deftness at public relations—his ability to satisfy his pitcher's need for an advocate while not enraging the ump—that maintains harmonious working conditions for all. The tactics and tone he employs can be as violent as Fisk's outburst, which was tantamount to rebellion, or as subdued and inventive as those used by former Dodger Tommy Haller in 1971.

Umpire Bruce Froemming was a rookie then. Haller had spent 11 seasons behind the plate, and he had an umpire in the family—brother Bill in the American League. For five innings Haller asked Froemming about every close pitch, not showing him up but testing his judgment. Finally he popped the question.

"Bruce, what's your last name?"

"Froemming."

"Spell it," demanded Haller.

"F-r-o-e-m-m-i-n-g."

"That's with one 'l'?"

"Yep," replied the unsuspecting ump.

"That's exactly how you've called the game all night."



Froemming still chuckles about the incident, and aficionados of umpire-catcher repartee consider it a classic. It was a perfect tension breaker during a game in which Haller had been doing what umpires like least—carping about ball and strike calls.

"We are paid to call the close ones," says American Leaguer Marty Springstead, "not the ones a guy can see from the third deck." And it is those decisions that rile a pitcher, whose motion has left him off balance and without a good view of the pitch. If he needs the strike and the call is a ball, nothing will persuade him that the umpire was right. A few catchers, Yeager among them, help out the ump by signaling to their pitchers, telling him where the pitch was. "That saves the umpire wear and tear," says Yeager. "If I sit there doing nothing while my pitcher yells and screams, *all* that does is rile the dugouts and the fans and get them on the umpire's back." For similar reasons, Thurman Munson of the Yankees spends a lot of time gesturing to his manager, Billy Martin, whom he describes as "having umpires down his throat."

In some circumstances catchers will even side with the umpire to keep the peace. San Francisco Catcher Marc Hill does that when he is catching for John Montefusco, who, Umpire Billy Williams says, "wants everything to be a strike." As the Count stares at the umpire, Hill either hollers, "Hey, it was inside," or tells the ump, "Don't pay attention to him, he's crazy anyway."

All pitchers, flaky or otherwise, feel persecuted by umpires. The successful umpire—the one nobody notices—is supposed to handle gripes while still controlling the game. "For me to be able to run a game smoothly, the catcher must throw the ball back before he asks me anything," says American Leaguer Steve Palermo. "Naturally, he will say something on close pitches, because he is looking through tinted glasses. As someone once said, 'It ain't necessarily so, but he wants it to be.' "

Palermo's crew chief, Nestor Chylak, a 24-year veteran, says, "A catcher has the right to ask me on any call, but I get upset when I know he is 100% wrong. Then he is putting the monkey on my



back. I don't mind a challenge. If he questions it nice, he'll get an honest answer."

Umpires and catchers both demand honesty. However, each has an additional request. Catchers ask for consistency from umpires—"Call the pitch the same in the ninth as in the first." Umpires demand fairness—"Don't wait for a tense moment in the game to challenge me on a pitch." An umpire prefers a catcher who quizzes him early and tosses around harmless phrases like "Stay with that pitch" and "Don't give up on it." The catcher who complains only when he desperately needs a favorable call is disdainfully referred to by umpires as a "situation catcher."

"He is the one who puts the hangman's noose around our necks," says Springstead. "He is the one we dislike tremendously, and the one we don't forget." The situation catcher, according to umps, is the one who quarrels even though the umpire's strike zone is the same as it was earlier in the game when the catcher made no comment. "Often you'd think the whole game is played in the ninth inning," says Chylak. "I call a consistent game for eight innings, and then all of a sudden a catcher needs the pitch and he starts climbing all over me."

Equally unpopular is a catcher who holds the baseball while jawing with the umpire. "If he gets rid of it, that's fine," says Palermo. "All the attention reverts to the pitcher. What goes on between me and the catcher is not even noticed." By holding the ball a catcher invites a hasty end to peaceful negotiations. "If he holds it, he gets the dugout riled," says Froemming. "Instead of throwing it back and then saying, 'Bruce, I think the ball caught the corner,' he has now told everybody that he thinks I missed the pitch."

Such incidents occur in almost every game. Chalk it up to the human element, to the fact that an umpire cannot be infallible or even completely consistent. And a catcher, though he may try, can never be totally objective. Keeping their relationship cool is further complicated by the fact that, from the moment the umpires step on the field, the animosity of the fans is apparent from the boos that are heard from the stands. It is difficult for a catcher, particularly the one for the home team, to resist the temptation of bringing his allies in the stands into play in his relationship with the ump.

Although the fans' taunts are often irritating, umpires are much more concerned about the players' reactions. "I want the players to say, 'Here they come,' instead of 'Holy Toledo, it's not them again,'" says Chylak.

No matter what the greeting, the home-plate umpire—an assignment an ump draws every fourth game—must familiarize himself during the warmups with the starting pitchers' tempos and repertoires. "Chylak is particularly loose for those eight pitches," says Boston Catcher Fred Kendall. "Instead of standing away from the plate or behind me, as the others do, he stands at the plate like a hitter."



Regardless of his viewpoint, each home-plate umpire searches for clues. If a highballer is working on a sinker or breaking ball, the ump wants to know. The umpires swap information in their locker room before the game, but the best source is the catcher. It often helps both sides if the receiver shares what he knows with the umpire.

"At San Diego I caught Randy Jones," says Kendall. "The first thing I told the umpires was that Randy keeps the ball low. He throws that way all game, so the ump might as well get used to calling it. They like me telling them, because it helps them stay with the pitch."

But there are times when clues are better left undiscovered. Palermo found that out one day in Boston when he listened to Fisk ramble on about "a real good sinkerball." They were watching Bob Stanley warm up.

"It was early in the season and I figured that Fisk had caught him in spring training," says Palermo, who had never seen Stanley pitch. "His pitches did more tricks than a spinning top, but Stanley never threw a sinker."

Idle chatter between umpire and catcher consumes the rest of the time before the game begins. It is the kind of talk overheard in hotel elevators and lobbies, but it is crucial to a good working relationship because it is the start of a dialogue that should last the whole game. As Yeager says, "Once we lose our track of communication, we've lost a major battle."

If a battle does ensue, it is likely to be triggered by an argument about the strike zone. "There are games when my strike zone may seem a bit different from the last time these teams saw me," says Springstead. "If a catcher asks me early if I'm planning to stay with a particular pitch, I tell him, 'Well, I have so far.' Usually that's good enough for him."

If the umpire's definition of the strike zone does not cause a catcher and his pitcher to complain, the tempo of the umpire's calls often will. Every umpire develops a rhythm. It is like a metronome activated on the first pitch. The pitch smacks the mitt—boom!—and the call is made. This is not as easy as it sounds. When Nolan Ryan and his fastball are matched against Wilbur Wood and his knuckler, the adjustment an umpire must make every half inning is like the one a dancer makes in switching from the Charleston to a waltz.

"In the first half of an inning the ball is on top of me in a flash," says Springstead of Ryan's pitching. "After three

continued

outs I'm thinking bing, bing, bing. Along comes Wood, his knuckler taking its sweet time drifting up there. I get anxious and I tend to lean into the plate, which is bad because it means my head is moving and I'm not keeping a firm vision of the strike zone. I can't allow that to happen. It's a tremendous adjustment, but I must make it."

And when a reliever comes in, the umpire suddenly finds himself dancing to still another tune. During a game at Minnesota, Jim Shellenback came out of the bullpen while Rich Garcia was working the plate. Garcia had no idea what to expect because it was Shellenback's first appearance of the season. "His catcher, Butch Wynegar, told me nothing," says Garcia. "Roy White of the Yankees came to bat, and all of a sudden along comes a palmball. It was high, then—boom!—it dropped, causing me to delay my call for a fraction of a second. Because I did something different, it threw White off. He turned to me with a suspicious look, like he was asking whether I really knew where the strike zone was.

"Geez, I didn't know he threw a palmball," Garcia said to Wynegar.

"I guess I should have told you," Wynegar said.

No one has to tell an umpire when he misses a call, he knows he has erred just as surely as a player knows when he has mishandled a grounder. It is just that the ump has many more chances to blow one. As the Specialized Umpire Training Center handbook says, "An infielder must play 32 games of errorless fielding to have as many opportunities as an umpire has in one game of calling balls and strikes." And it is not as easy for an umpire to redeem himself, because a player can make up for a mistake either at the plate or in the field. If an umpire attempts to balance out a bad decision by altering his calls on future pitches, he sacrifices his objectivity—and, inevitably, his control of the game. The ump is far better off when he forgets about the miscall.

Johnny Bench says, "It's rare that an umpire says, 'I missed that one,' but when he does I don't say another word. What else can a man admit? It's when an umpire doesn't acknowledge the error that I feel like I'm butting my head against a wall."

Not all catchers agree with Bench, but, then again, no two catchers respond to a blown call in the same manner. Some acknowledge an umpire's mistake with a quick "ooooh" or "aaaah." Yeager usually lets out a sharp grunt, which veteran umpires know is his most derisive expression. However, in last season's third playoff game between the Dodgers and Phillies, Umpire Harry Wendelstedt "missed a call" that Philadelphia parlayed into three runs when Los Angeles Pitcher Burt Hooton, rattled by Wendelstedt's call, walked four batters in a row. In that case Yeager replaced his grunt with, "Harry, it was a good pitch." In light of the importance of the game, that was a mild remark. "There was no need to make a big commotion about it," says Yeager. "It was just one pitch, and it was the third inning. If it had been the ninth, I might have screamed. Even that probably wouldn't have done any good, because the umpires know my personality and know what I do."

A catcher may also gauge his response by who is standing behind him. Munson offers a gruff "No it wasn't" when Ron Luciano, whom he doesn't get along with, calls a close pitch a ball. But when Chylak makes a similar call, Munson tones down his tactics. "If I say to Nestor, 'Damn it, you blew it,' I am likely to rub him the wrong way," says Munson. "I simply tell him, 'You missed it,' and Nestor, who has a lot of confidence in him-



self, says, 'I didn't.' If I think he blew it very badly, I'll say, 'Nestor, I'm telling you the truth.'"

As Garcia found out, debates at home plate can sometimes involve both catchers. Just such a round-table discussion occurred last September during the opener of a three-game series at Yankee Stadium, with the second-place Red Sox trailing the Yankees by three games. Garcia had the plate assignment. Munson and Fisk, arch rivals, were catching. The Sox were behind 4–2 in the seventh inning when Rick Burleson, representing the tying run, came to the plate. Garcia's strike-three call ended the threat, and Burleson argued with him.

When Fisk came out to warm up his pitcher for the bottom half of the inning, he interrogated Garcia, who in turn asked Fisk if he thought the ball had dipped.

"Yeah, I thought it was low," said Fisk. "It looked like a slider."

"Yeah, it was."

"It looked like it broke out of the strike zone," said Fisk.

"It might have."

"Perhaps you called it before it broke."

In the top of the eighth it was Munson's turn to get into the discussion.

Said Garcia, "That strike I called on Burleson. It might have been low. It was a slider and it sunk."

"That pitch didn't sink. Guidry doesn't even have a slider," Munson said.

Truth is, New York Pitcher Ron Guidry has a pretty good slider, but Garcia did not expect Munson to agree. All he wanted the Yankee catcher to know was that the pitch was a ball, and it would remain one for the rest of the game. Yes, he had called it a strike. No, he would not do so again.

When diplomacy fails, an umpire has another tactic he can use to try to cool off a seething catcher—brushing off the plate whether it needs it or not. This puts the antagonists face to face, instead of back to front and it lets them do some heavy jawing without making their disagreement all that apparent to everyone in the park. Vic Voltaggio, an American League rookie umpire last season, once used the maneuver in the first inning when the plate did not need a brushing off as badly as Oakland Catcher Jeff Newman needed a talking to. A's Pitcher Rick Langford was already in trouble, and, in trying to calm down Langford, Newman had put the blame for the pitcher's inability to throw strikes on Voltaggio.

"We're not going to battle for nine innings," Voltaggio told Newman as he bent down to sweep the plate. "You might as well curse me out now, and I'll unload you. Otherwise, we're going to play this game."

The tactic worked, preventing a first-inning rhubarb without embarrassing either party. Newman lasted the game, and Langford found his stride and went on to win in extra innings.

The fact that Voltaggio did not unload Newman is hardly surprising. Very few catchers are ejected. In 1977 only five American Leaguers (Ray Fosse of Cleveland, Darrell Porter of Kansas City, Charlie Moore of Milwaukee, Manny Sanguillen of Oakland and Munson) were thrown out for offenses ranging from loudmouthing to fighting. The National League had nine ejections—Houston's Joe Ferguson, Cincinnati's Bill Plummer and Philadelphia's Tim McCarver leading the league with two apiece. The previous season only one major league catcher, Fosse, was ejected, for the unpardonable offense of angrily bumping an ump.

Normally there is very little physical contact, even by accident, between catchers and umpires. The Crawford family—father Shag, who retired in 1975, and son Jerry, who now works in the National League—is an exception. In the Crawford style, the umpire rests a hand between a catcher's hip and rib cage. "It keeps him under control," says the younger Crawford, "and it lets me know where he is going. I ask the catcher if it bothers him, and only Jerry Grote has complained." But as all National League umpires attest, grousing is part of Grote's game.

Where and how an umpire positions himself depends on what type of protector he wears. All National Leaguers must use one that is worn inside the uniform shirt, while American Leaguers can choose between the inside pad and the balloon protector, which is worn outside the uniform. (Those who favor the pad say it is less cumbersome than the balloon, which the umpire must prop up with his hands before each pitch. Those who use the balloon feel it gives better protection.) An insider positions his head in what is called the slot, the gap on the inside corner of the plate between the catcher's head and the batter's shoulder.

"If my slot isn't there, I adjust," says American Leaguer Jim Evans. "All the catchers are right-handed, so when a lefty is at bat and the sign is given for an inside pitch, the catcher wants to avoid moving his glove across his body and catching the ball backhanded. Instead, he slides his body over to block the ball and field it squarely. By doing this he also narrows my slot, which forces me to move with him to get a full view of the pitch."

Outsiders call balls and strikes by looking straight over the catcher's head—if the receiver is squatting directly behind the plate. The catcher may move to set an outside or inside target or to field a pitch, but a balloon ump should never budge from his original position.

"When a catcher slides over I have to look over his ear or shoulder even though I'm accustomed to working over his head," says Springstead. "It throws me off, but it doesn't happen a lot."

It is important to umpires that the catcher stay low. If he obscures any portion of the plate from the ump's view he risks having the strike zone shrink, because there is an umpire's axiom that says, "If I can't see it, I'm not going to call it a strike."

Oriole Catcher Elrod Hendricks is 6′ 1″ and long-legged. "I can steal pitches by getting down real low," he says. "By steal, I mean I get strikes called on pitches that other catchers my height may not get even though the pitches really were strikes. That's because a lot of tall catchers block the umpire's vision."

Stealing pitches is as integral a part of Hendricks'—or any other catcher's—game as stealing second base is of Lou Brock's. By positioning himself on the outside corner, for example, the home-team catcher sets up a situation in which the umpires' judgment—and courage—are pitted against the crowd's reaction.

If the pitch is outside, if the umpire sees it miss, if the hitter doesn't swing, but if the catcher doesn't budge, fans assume it was a strike. And if the catcher wants to "get cute" he can hold the ball there for the entire ball park to judge.

"I can't cheat and give him a strike," says Springstead. "The pitch is out of the strike zone, exactly where the catcher wanted it, in hopes that the batter would swing. But the batter didn't swing, and I'm not going to call a strike. I can't let

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the catcher use the 30,000 people in the stands to intimidate me."

The setup to steal outside pitches falls apart when the pitcher unintentionally throws a strike on the inside. "Then the catcher reaches across the plate, and there isn't anyone in the park who thinks it was a strike, when it was," says National Leaguer Paul Runge. "Sure, catchers try to cheat, but it's nothing personal against umpires."

To prevent being misled, an umpire must keep a level head. "Once I start moving my head I lose perspective," says Springstead. "The toughest one to call is the one right at my eyes. My tendency is to flinch. If I do, there is no way I can call the pitch correctly."

"Umpires don't have lights that blink on to give them an automatic strike zone," says Yeager. So on every pitch the umpire must mentally redefine the zone and defend it against attacks from the catcher. For the system to work the catcher must also remain as still as a rock. "If I constantly jump up and down or move from side to side, I'm not giving the umpire his best look," says Yeager. "So I have no right to disagree with his call."

For the most part, in recent seasons conciliation has replaced confrontation behind the plate. "I don't want to get into arguments with umpires," says Munson. "I need them when I'm hitting. I need them when I'm catching. But I can't let my pitcher and manager down by letting a bad call go by and not saying anything. I don't bitch just to bitch."

In the days when there were Boston Braves and Brooklyn Dodgers, tradition has it that umpires would cut off a catcher by saying, "You think that was bad. Wait until you see this one." When the next pitch flew across the plate, the umpire would get his revenge. "Ball two!"

Says Garcia, "They got away with it simply because there was no television, no cameras and no instant replay. I can't imagine that happening today."

Electronic surveillance may curtail heavy-handed behavior by umps but it cannot prevent grudges from arising. Take the case of Larry Barnett and Fisk. Since the third game of the 1975 World Series, the two have been about as friendly as John Dean and Richard Nixon. That night 40 million TV viewers watched as Barnett didn't call interference on Reds pinch hitter Ed Armbrister after Armbrister had collided with Fisk on a bunt play. Fisk's subsequent overthrow of second base allowed the eventual winning run to move into scoring position.

"Ever since that game our relationship has been strained," says Barnett. "If I didn't say that, I'd be lying. Fisk says hello, I say hello, and we limit it to that."

Keeping the conversation to greetings is not always that simple. Last September, Fisk and Barnett were together again. First Barnett called Fisk out on a 2–2 pitch that Fisk thought was inside. Then, when Boston was in the field, Barnett made another call that Fisk felt was incorrect. An argument ensued.

"I'll tell you one thing," Barnett said to Fisk. "You open your mouth once more and I'll run you."



"That's the way you are," Fisk said. "Just because you wear a blue uniform you think you have the right to command the game whether you're right or wrong. You can't think you are calling the game right. You just can't."

"I'll give you one more chance. Either get back in the game or you're gone."

At that moment Red Sox Manager Don Zimmer arrived on the scene.

"I don't want you getting tossed," he told Fisk.

"Zimmy, I'm keeping him," said Barnett.

"That's real nice, Larry," said Fisk. "You're really doing me a great big favor. But why don't you try calling the pitches correctly."

Fisk survived the nine innings. So did the Red Sox, beating Detroit 6–2.

Barnett and Fisk are not alone in their mutual animosity. Froemming cannot forget a game in 1973 when the irascible Grote, then catching for the Mets, let a fastball get by him that almost hit the hot-tempered Froemming in the throat. Because they had spent the three previous innings in a non-stop argument, Froemming accused Grote of intentionally moving aside in hope that the pitch would hit the umpire.

"Are you going to throw me out?" snapped Grote.

Mets Manager Yogi Berra charged from the dugout.

"He made no attempt to stop that pitch," Froemming told Berra. The umpire's accusation was tough to prove and he knew it. Grote remained in the game.

Aside from catchers who gripe, steal pitches and sometimes miss them, an umpire must contend with bellyaching batters. Catchers can be the worst of the lot, because they are more attuned to an umpire's strike zone and his frame of mind than other hitters. One umpire, Jim Evans, classifies hitters as follows:

"There's the alibier, the guy who tries to put the monkey on my back. Then there is the phony beefer, the guy with the superstar complex who thinks if he doesn't swing, it can't be a strike. And there's the legitimate beefer. He sincerely believes he is right. I never mind an argument from him."

According to umpires, worst of all is the two-strike-zone catcher, who sees one strike zone while working behind the plate and another, smaller version while standing alongside it.

"Joe Ferguson hardly ever questions me when he's catching," says Dick Stello. "But when he's a hitter, he has a wholly different strike zone, one that's so small I can't call a strike on him."

Once when Umpire Paul Runge called Bench out on strikes he heard about it for the rest of the game. Seems that Bench was going for his 1,000th RBI. When the third strike was called, with a man in scoring position, Bench disagreed. Walking back to the dugout, he complained.

"I came out to catch, and we talked some more," says Bench. "Runge was ready to throw me out. I caught a pitch he called a ball. I held it there to show him that it was the same as the pitch he struck me out on."

"Don't show me up," the umpire said.

"If I were trying to show you up, I sure would've said more when I walked away."

It was the sixth inning.

In the ninth Bench was still around. Runge leaned over as the game neared its end and left Bench with these parting words: "Before you go, good luck in the All-Star Game."

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The West

As curious as it may seem, a player who until the middle of spring training was on an American League roster has been for many months a pivotal influence in the affairs of the National League. Consider what might have happened if the Cincinnati Reds had succeeded in wresting Vida Blue from the clutches of Charles O. Finley. Their $1.75 million rescue effort was thwarted by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn on the grounds that the buying and selling of players at such a price would create imbalances in both leagues. Kuhn—and Cincinnati's National League rivals—shuddered at the thought of Blue and Tom Seaver on a pitching staff supported by the Reds' awesome artillery. So now after months of haggling and with Bowie's blessing, Blue has been sent to the San Francisco Giants for seven able bodies and much less moolah; as a result, what figured to be another two-team race in the National League West looks more like a three-team affair. With the addition of Blue, the Giants have a pitching staff superior even to the Dodgers', while Los Angeles still has its championship team and Cincy still has its former championship team—plus Seaver. Because of the Dodgers' hot start, the race ended in May a year ago, it may not be decided until October this season.

With or without Blue, the Reds look to be the class of the division. The Dodgers are not likely to win 22 of their first 26 games again and effectively terminate meaningful hostilities before Memorial Day. The Reds are still a bit shy of qualified pitchers, but they are improved over a year ago, when their staff finished with a combined 4.22 ERA, 10th among National League teams. Seaver, who got 14 of his 21 wins after he joined the Reds on June 15, is now available for the full season, and at 33 he may still be, as Manager Sparky Anderson stoutly insists, "the best pitcher in baseball." He may not win 30 games, as some Rhineland zealots are forecasting, but he should be good for about 25.

To support Seaver, the Reds acquired Bill Bonham, a 29-year-old in-and-outer, from the Cubs. Bonham was 10–13 in Chicago last season, with a poor 4.35 ERA and only one complete game, but he feels the Cincinnati bats will transform him into a world-beater. "I'll have more confidence here," he says. "I won't be saying to myself, 'If I'd just gotten one more run....'" Anderson says, "We are very high on Bonham. We've got starting pitchers equal to anybody." That is an extravagant claim. In fact, the Reds have Seaver, Bonham, 35-year-old Fred Norman (14–13) and 24-year-old Paul Moskau, who was 6–6 in half a season. The fifth starter in the five-day rotation will be Tom Hume. Doug Capilla, who was 7–8 last year as a starter, is ticketed for the long relief job. The short men will be the tireless righthander Pedro Borbon and lefty Dave Tomlin, who had 22 saves for the Padres in '77.

The remainder of the Cincinnati lineup is as familiar to

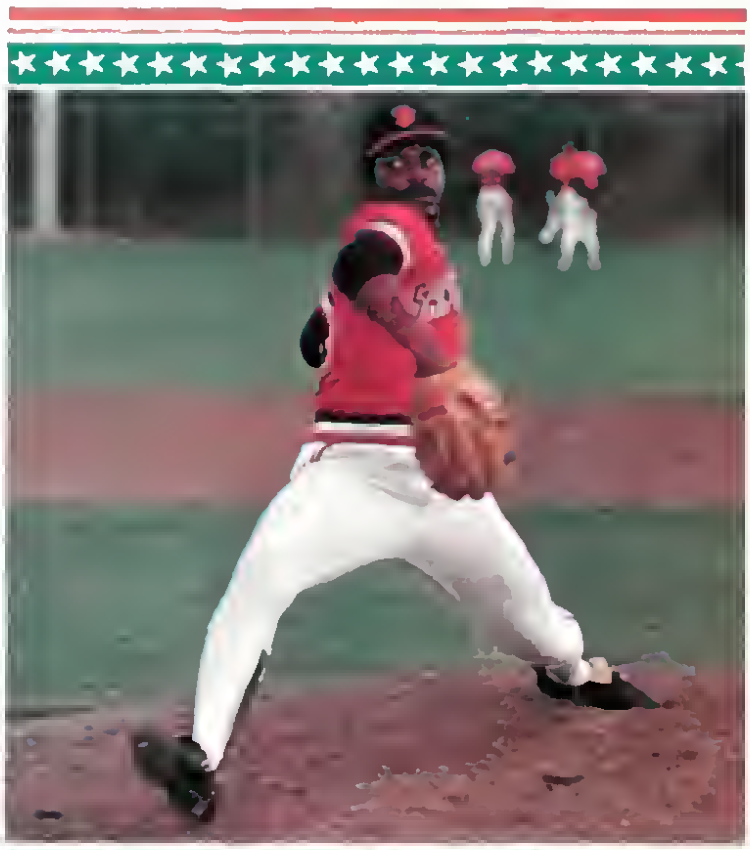
baseball fans as Murderers Row, the Gashouse Gang and the Boys of Summer. Bench, Driessen, Morgan, Rose. Concepcion, Foster, Geronimo, Griffey—they may march en masse into the Hall of Fame. Foster, who hit 52 homers and drove in 149 runs, was the latest Red, following Bench, Rose and Morgan, to be selected the league's Most Valuable Player. The Reds hit .274 as a team, had 181 homers and stole 170 bases. And they led the league in fielding. With a lot of help from Seaver, they should regain the division title.

This is not to say the Dodgers are any weaker. The same team that finished 10 games ahead of the Reds a year ago is back in force. It may even be a little better. Speaking of last season's champions, Dodger Blue-blooded Manager Tom Lasorda has said, "We felt we needed one thing, and that was left-handed relief help." In search of it, Los Angeles cast aside its prejudice against the open market and secured free agent Terry Forster, whose statistics at Pittsburgh last year (4.45 ERA, one save) are, in Lasorda's opinion, misleading. Forster was the American League's Fireman of the Year in 1974, when he saved 24 games for the White Sox. He injured his left shoulder the following year and nursed it the next two seasons by reducing his pitching repertoire to relatively untaxing fastballs and changeups. "I had to learn how to pitch," he says. "I also had to learn how to field line drives hit right back at me." Late last season at Pittsburgh he decided to risk throwing breaking pitches again, a gamble that paid off with three wins and an ERA of 2.00 in his last 18 innings.

The return to health of Centerfielder Rick Monday would also seem to strengthen the Dodgers. Monday suffered last season from a pinched nerve in his neck, which made his back ache and reduced by 30% the strength in his hands and arms. He was able to play only 118 games and hit .230 with 15 homers, sad figures for one capable of a .280 batting average and 30 homers. The Dodgers should be so lucky as to have only one injured player this year. Much of their success in '77 can be traced to their uncommon salubrity. Their starting pitchers—Don Sutton, Tommy John, Doug Rau, Burt Hooton and Rick Rhoden—scarcely missed a turn, starting 158 of the 162 games. And the regulars were just that—regular. As a result, most of them achieved career highs in one category or another. Ron Cey's 30 home runs and 110 RBIs were his best ever, and so were Davey Lopes' .283 average, 11 homers and 53 RBIs. The same went for Steve Garvey's 33 home runs and 115 RBIs, Dusty Baker's 30 homers, Reggie Smith's 32 homers and Bill Russell's .278 average. But for Monday's aching back, the Dodgers might have had five players with 30 or more homers. The team has few weaknesses. Catcher Steve Yeager is strong and durable, and the infield and outfield are sound defensively and offensively. Last year the Dodgers were both good and lucky. If they are merely good this year, it will not be good enough.

The Giants' overall talent does not compare with that of the two leading contenders, but San Francisco has enough pitching to supply an entire league. Such is their surplus that they could surrender four pitchers for Blue, including ace Reliever Dave Heaverlo and 21-year-old Alan Wirth, who is considered an outstanding prospect. But there is not a man in the San Francisco organization who does not think Blue was worth the price. He may literally be a franchise saver, because he is enormously popular on both sides of the Bay, win or lose, he is money in the bank whenever

continued



VIDA BLUE

he pitches. He also gives Manager Joe Altobelli the leader his staff requires. With the left-handed Blue starting in rotation with Ed Halicki, the staff ace in '77 at 16–12, and John (The Count) Montefusco, who missed much of last season with back and ankle injuries, the Giants have three potential 20-game winners. Blue has reached that figure three times, even while being distracted by numberless run-ins with his despotic former boss. All three pitchers have thrown no-hitters, and they are all under 30.

After the trade was announced, Blue came to San Francisco's training camp long enough to model his new uniform and then went into hiding for a few days back home in Louisiana, hoping that his absence would prompt the Giants to modify the contract he had brought with him from Oakland. While he was away, Blue reflected on his boyhood and how it had never occurred to him that he would someday be paid to play. "Then Mr. Finley had me sign on the crooked line—oh, no, I mean dotted line," he said. The Freudian slip pretty well sums up Blue's years with Charlie O. His brief contract hassle with the Giants aside, he was delighted by the trade. He would not have to sell his home in Oakland, and, at 28, he would have a chance to complete a rare double. After 124 victories in the American League, he is aiming to win 100 games in the National.

Altobelli figures to use a four-man rotation, with the fourth man likely to be Bob Knepper, Jim Barr or Lynn McGlothen, who has recuperated from an arm injury, could also be members of the rotation. With six starters and a balanced bullpen of righthander Randy Moffitt and lefthander Gary Lavelle, the Giants are likely to be looking for another trade, this time swapping pitching for needed power. To add some punch, Altobelli shifted former batting champ Bill Madlock from third base to second and installed Darrell Evans at third. Playing third, first and the outfield last season, Evans hit 17 home runs. Johnnie LeMaster, a slick fielder with an uncertain bat, is the shortstop. Willie McCovey, who hit 28 home runs and revived interest in the notion that life begins at 40, is back on first. Altobelli, whose constant tinkering a year ago won him acclaim as "Juggling Joe," will go with a set lineup this season, which means his outfield will be Terry Whitfield in left, Larry Herndon in center and the very promising Jack Clark in right. Strong-armed Marc Hill is the catcher. However, these regulars alone do not figure to carry San Francisco too far. The Giants' staff is their edge, and their position in the standings next October should do much to determine just what percentage of the game is, in fact, pitching.

Houston is another team that looks to its pitchers, many of whom were young and innocent a year ago—notably Mark Lemongello, 22, Floyd Bannister, 22, and Joaquin Andujar, 25. Lemongello may have matured during the season. On June 25 he was 1–11; at the end he was 9–14. The kid pitchers will team with 18-game-winner J. R. Richard, who is hardly doddering at 28, and 33-year-old Joe Niekro.

Lemongello was not the only Astro to finish with a rush. Centerfielder Cesar Cedeno, suffering from torn ligaments in the ring finger of his left hand, was batting .179 on June 22. From that date until the end of the season he hit .349, including a gaudy .417 in September, during which he also had five homers, 26 runs, 26 RBIs and 16 stolen bases. His Garrison finish earned him a lifetime multimillion-dollar contract with the Astros.

Houston is blessed with speed—Cedeno had 61 steals, Rightfielder Jose Cruz 44 and Infielder Enos Cabell 42—and good gloves. For a while this spring, Manager Bill Virdon considered realigning his infield—and benching slick Shortstop Roger Metzger, a .186 hitter—to get more punch. But a few days before breaking camp, Virdon reinstated the 1977 arrangement of Metzger, Art Howe (.264) at second, Cabell (.282, 16 homers) at third and Bob Watson, who had 110 RBIs, at first.

Virdon may have monkeyed with his infield, but no more than Alvin Dark did with his before his dismissal by San Diego on March 21. Dark thus became the first manager since the Cubs' Phil Cavarretta in 1954 to be cashiered in spring training. Dark, Padre officials say, could not "communicate"—that word again—with his players. He left a fine mess in the infield. Leftfielder Gene Richards had gone to first, Shortstop Bill Almon to second and Derrell Thomas, who played mostly in center field for the Giants last season, to third. Dark's successor, Roger Craig, may not be content with this alignment, but it is inconceivable that he will tamper with the Padres' outfield of Oscar Gamble in left, George Hendrick in center and Dave Winfield in right, who combined for 79 home runs last season.

It is on the mound where the Padres come a cropper. Gaylord Perry, approaching his 40th birthday and 250th victory, may be the ace if Randy Jones is not fully recovered from his arm ailments. Mickey Lolich, emerging from a year's retirement at 37, will be around to keep Perry company, although he may well be confined to the bullpen, particularly if Bob Owchinko, Bob Shirley and Dave Freisleben perform to expectations. With or without Lolich, the relief corps should be formidable with the indomitable Rollie Fingers and reliable Dan Spillner.

The Padres may be all mixed up, but they have not approached the level of disorder of the Atlanta Braves. "This is a very iffy team all around," says slugger Jeff Burroughs. "Everything has to click for us to have a half-decent season." Burroughs sounded a rare positive note last season with his 41 home runs and 114 RBIs. The rest was despair. Now the team is building anew, if not exactly afresh. Willie Montanez is gone. Andy Messersmith is gone. And so is Dave Bristol, the manager who yielded the helm for a few days during the season to yachtsman Ted Turner, the team's improbable owner. The new manager is Bobby Cox, whose combat training as a Yankee coach may stand him in good stead during the routs to come. The Braves have some hitting with Burroughs, Gary Matthews (17 homers) and Catcher Biff Pocoroba (.290), but they are weak defensively and the pitching, to borrow from Burroughs, is decidedly "iffy." Dick Ruthven (7–13) and 39-year-old Phil Niekro (16–20) are still around, and Cox has high hopes for Adrian Devine and Tommy Boggs, two righthanders acquired from Texas.

The Braves are at least determined not to challenge the powers of darkness. This spring they changed Infielder Jerry Royster's uniform number from 13 to 1. "I guess they thought that was why I had a bad year," said Royster, who hit .216.

—RON FIMRITE

The East

Dwelling in the bullpen of the Philadelphia Phillies is a creature of monstrous dimensions and awesome power. He stands 24′ 7″, weighs 780 pounds and throws a wide assortment of pitches with an even wider assortment of arms. He is the Abominable Fireman, and like Pavlov's dog, he responds to the ringing of a bell (in this case, the bullpen telephone). Last season the Abominable Fireman had 29 wins, 46 saves and an ERA of 2.60 in 215 appearances. If the Phillies are to win a third consecutive East Division title, the Abominable Fireman must terrify opponents fully as much as he did last season.

Descriptions of this creature vary, probably because no one has ever been closer to him than 60′ 6″. And just as the Abominable Snowman is also known as yeti and Big Foot or Sasquatch, the Abominable Fireman has been called Warren Brusstar, Gene Garber, Tug McGraw and Ron Reed, in which order they appear, from left to right, in the photo below.

The following information on the beast is based on the most recently reported sightings:

Garber is the bearded one with the sidearm, back-to-the-batter delivery that conceals a bewildering changeup. He is not only the most effective of the four, leading in wins (8), ERA (2.36), saves (19) and appearances (64), but he is also the best fielder.

Reed (7–5, 2.76, 15, 60) stands tall (6′ 6″) and throws hard. He has been a pro basketball player (with Detroit in 1965-67) and a starting pitcher (with Atlanta and St. Louis in 1966-75), but since coming to Philadelphia two years ago, he has had his greatest success as a reliever.

Brusstar (7–2, 2.66, 3, 46) is 26, baby-faced, and voted most likely to challenge a hitter. A rookie last season, he is usually called upon to throw his sinker and slider in the middle innings.

McGraw (7–3, 2.62, 9, 45) is the only lefthander of the four and a screwball pitcher in more ways than one. His 119 career saves document his ability, and his literary accomplishments, a book (*Screwball*) and a comic strip (*Scroogie*) have attested to his unique approach to life.

The Abominable Fireman would not be so invaluable if the Phillies had more depth among their starters. "Those four guys saved our neck last year," says Manager Danny Ozark. There is little consistency in the rotation beyond Cy Young Award winner Steve Carlton (23–10) and Larry Christenson (19–6). That shortcoming could disappear if Jim Lonborg's right arm shows more zip than it did in '77, or if Randy Lerch develops as rapidly as the 24-year-old Christenson has. Otherwise, the Phillies have the best everyday lineup in the division and the most depth in the National League. Mike Schmidt (.274, 38 homers and 101 RBIs) and Greg Luzinski (.309, 39 and 130) hit the ball far, and Bake McBride (.339 after coming from St. Louis in June) and Garry Maddox (.292) hit it often. But as the last two National League playoffs have shown, not even the Abominable Fireman can help the team in October.

Because the other five teams in the division have improved dramatically, the Phillies are not likely to duplicate the 101–61 record they had in each of the last two seasons. If too much slippage occurs, Pittsburgh could run right past them. The Pirates have all the makings of a championship team, including the most speed and the best starting rotation in the East. "I think we'll win," says Manager Chuck Tanner, but then Tanner is such an optimist that he also says he is not worrying about the loss to the Yankees of free-agent Reliever Rich Gossage and his 26 saves.

Moving skinny Kent Tekulve (10–1) from middle-inning to late relief will help offset the departure of Gossage, but who replaces Tekulve? "I don't think we can win without improving our bullpen," says starter John Candelaria. The 24-year-old lefthander is as talented as he is forthright. His 20–5 record gave him the best percentage (.800) and the lowest ERA (2.34) among league starters. He is only one of several fine Pirate pitchers. Bert Blyleven was 14–12, 2.72 with [illegible] and Jim Rooker had a 14–9, 3.[illegible] Jerry Reuss and Bruce Kison come back from losing seasons, the Pirates might not even need a strong bullpen to win. Another possible starter is Jim Bibby, a free-agent signee who was 12–13 in Cleveland.

But hitting, not pitching, is what the Pi-

continued



THE ABOMINABLE FIREMAN

rates do best. Rightfielder Dave Parker led the league with a .338 average and slugged 21 homers. "He's the best player in the league," enthuses Tanner. Second Baseman Rennie Stennett was enjoying his finest season (.336) when he broke his right leg on Aug. 21, and Bill Robinson (.304, 26 homers, 104 RBIs) has a permanent home in left after being shuffled around last year. Robinson can stay put now because the Pirates had to give up Leftfielder Al Oliver to get Blyleven and because first base is loaded with Willie Stargell and former Met John Milner. The rest of the lineup includes excellent base runners in Shortstop Frank Taveras (70 steals), Centerfielder Omar Moreno (53) and Third Baseman Phil Garner, who had 32 swipes, 17 homers and 77 RBIs.

The main reason for Tanner's optimism is the success Pittsburgh had last year while adjusting to a new manager, half a dozen new players, a speed-oriented style and key injuries. "I don't think any other team could have overcome all that and still won 96 games," Tanner says. He has finished second before (with three different teams); with a questionable bullpen, he should wind up there again.

Another club that did well with new management was St. Louis, which moved from fifth to third under Vern Rapp. The Cardinals are within striking distance of the top, but they lack the pitching to get them there. Do not tell Shortstop Garry Templeton that, though. "We're stronger than Philadelphia and Pittsburgh right now," he says. "We just might have a runaway." If this happens, Templeton is the man to lead it. The 22-year-old switch hitter was sensational in his first complete season, finishing second among National Leaguers with a .322 average and showing dazzling speed, with 28 steals and a major league-leading 18 triples. "I've never seen a player with more ability," says Philadelphia's veteran catcher, Tim McCarver. "You can expect a lot more from me," says Templeton.

St. Louis' other offensive leaders are Catcher Ted Simmons, who hit .318 with 21 home runs and 95 RBIs, and First Baseman Keith Hernandez (.291, 15, 91). Now that 38-year-old Lou Brock has finally surpassed Ty Cobb's career stolen-base record, he is pointing toward the 3,000-hit mark. Brock is not likely to get the 166 he needs this season, because he will be one of four outfielders playing enough to be considered regulars. Rapp wants Tony Scott (.291), Jerry Mumphrey (.287) and former Cub Jerry Morales (.290) to get plenty of action, too.

Bob Forsch (20–7) was the only Cardinal starter with a winning record last year, and if St. Louis is to become a serious challenger, it will need a lot of help from Eric Rasmussen (11–17) and John Denny (8–8). At least the Cardinal bullpen seems improved with the acquisition of righthanders Mark Littell from Kansas City and Pete Vuckovich from Toronto.

In their nine-year history, the Montreal Expos have never finished higher than fourth or won as many as half their games. Last season was fairly typical: fifth place, 26 games out of first, 12 games below .500. So why were the Expos talking about a winning record and contending for the top this spring? The main reason was the arrival of two former Baltimore lefthanders—Ross Grimsley (14–10)from the reentry draft and Rudy May (18–14) in a trade—who have created almost as big a stir in Quebec as the Separatist movement. "They're just what the doctor ordered," says Manager Dick Williams. "With four bona-fide starters, we know we'll be in ball games. Last year we knew if we got five runs the other team might get seven." The other half of the rotation includes righthanders Steve Rogers (17–16) and Wayne Twitchell (6–5 in Montreal following a 0–5 start in Philadelphia). "I was encouraged after last season, but not enough to think of us as contenders," says Rogers. "Now I don't think that is too unreasonable."

Third base, the bullpen and depth are deficiencies, but Montreal will be a lot better, especially if the offense holds up. "We've got punch all the way through the lineup," says Williams. It starts with Second Baseman Dave Cash (.289) and includes First Baseman Tony Perez (.283 with 19 homers and 91 RBIs), Catcher Gary Carter (.284, 31, 84) and the productive young outfield of Warren Cromartie (.282), Andre Dawson (.282 and 19 home runs) and Ellis Valentine, who hit .293 and had 25 homers and 76 RBIs.

Although the Chicago Cubs led the East Division during June and July last season, hardly anyone expected them to stay there. Sure enough, Chicago played 19 games below .500 the last two months and finished fourth with an 81–81 record. Pitching, a handicap then, may be an even bigger failing now. The only solid starter is Rick Reuschel (20–10 with a 2.79 ERA), and not even the brilliant Reliever Bruce Sutter (7–3 and 1.35 with 31 saves) can make up the difference by himself.

Although the Cubs were tied for fifth in the league in hitting, they did not steal bases, play good defense, hit many long balls or score many runs. Even newcomer Dave Kingman is a mixed blessing, as he showed in his first spring training game when he hit a home run and played a single into a double. However, Kingman's presence will take some of the load off Bobby Murcer, whose 27 homers and 89 RBIs led the team by a considerable margin. Dave Rader, acquired from St. Louis, will upgrade the catching.

New York could be the most improved team in the league, without showing it in the standings. Sixth a year ago, the Mets will probably be there again. Still, they are working to get better. Only two players from the 1977 Opening Day lineup, Catcher John Stearns and Centerfielder Lee Mazzilli, are likely to take the field for the first game this week. The overhaul began last season with a change of emphasis from pitching to hitting and a change of managers from stolid Joe Frazier to popular Joe Torre. The trade of Tom Seaver to Cincinnati brought two regulars, Lefthelder Steve Henderson (.297 with 12 homers and 65 RBIs in 99 games) and Second Baseman Doug Flynn, plus promising Pitcher Pat Zachry (7–6 with the Mets). After coming from Texas, Third Baseman Lenny Randle (.304 and 33 steals) was the best hitter on the team. Off-season pickups include First Baseman Willie Montanez (.287 and 20 homers in Atlanta) and free-agent Rightfielder Elliott Maddox (.262 in Baltimore). "When I see all those new guys, I get kind of excited," says Pitcher Jerry Koosman. "I think we're two runs a game better." Koosman hopes that will be enough to reverse his 8–20 record, which was far worse than his 3.49 ERA deserved.

—LARRY KEITH

CONTINUED



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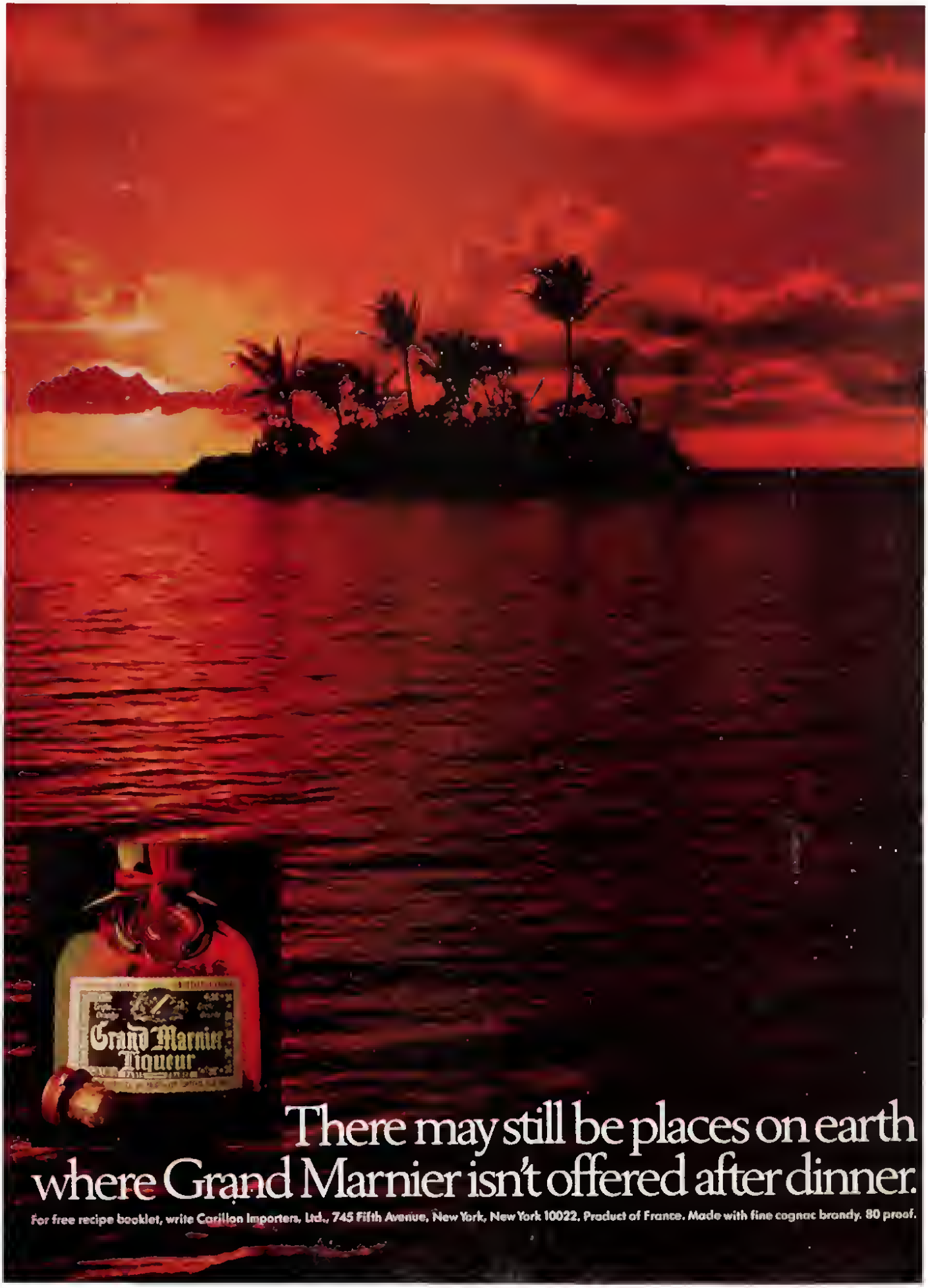
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The West

The battle in the American League West will be more of a war of philosophies than of teams. On one side are the challengers, Brad Corbett's Texas Rangers and Gene Autry's California Angels. After each of the last two seasons they have tried to buy a pennant through the reentry draft. On the other side is Kansas City, which has won the last two division championships. The Royals have neither gained nor lost anyone of importance in the two drafts. "We don't have to buy players," says General Manager Joe Burke. "We've got them right here in our organization. It has never been more important to have a strong farm system than it is today."

The Royals' approach succeeded last year when they had the best record in baseball, 102–60. As a result, did Corbett of the Rangers consider changing philosophies? No, he just dug deeper in his pocket. "Our No. 1 need was a genuine clean-up batter who could hit 25 to 30 homers and drive in 100 runs," says Manager Bill Hunter, who guided Texas to 60 wins in its last 93 games after taking over on June 28. "We got that in Richie Zisk."

In 1977 Zisk belted 30 homers and batted in 101 runs in a one-year stopover with the White Sox. Corbett gave him a 10-year contract reportedly worth $2,955,000, and Zisk thinks the money will buy Texas a pennant. "The Rangers lost last year by eight games," he says, "and there's no question that we've made up the difference."

Zisk's optimism stems in part from a second Texas acquisition, his former Pirate teammate Al Oliver, who came to the Rangers in a four-team trade. Oliver, a career .296 hitter, will bat in front of Zisk and wear No. 0 in left field. And there is a lot more Ranger hitting to go with good speed and strong defense. First Baseman Mike Hargrove (.305 in 1977) was moved to the lead-off spot by Hunter and responded with a .445 on-base average. He was even tougher to get out in the first inning, reaching base 58.5% of the time. Batting behind Hargrove will probably be Shortstop Campy Campaneris, who led the league with 40 sacrifices, 19 more than anyone else. Farther down the lineup are Third Baseman Toby Harrah, who had 27 homers and drove in 87 runs, Second Baseman Bump Wills, who hit .287, and Gold Glove Catcher Jim Sundberg, who batted .343 in the second half of the season after he started choking up on the bat.

But to obtain all this punch, the Rangers may have given up too much pitching. Texas traded away Bert Blyleven and Gaylord Perry, who had 29 wins between them, and Adrian Devine, who was 10–6 with a 3.32 ERA in 54 relief appearances. To compensate, the Rangers acquired two new

continued

starters, ex-Met Jon Matlack and Doc Medich, who worked for three teams last season, and a spot starter/long reliever in Ferguson Jenkins. All three were once big winners, but none had more than 12 victories in '77. Together with Doyle Alexander (17–11) and Dock Ellis, they will make Texas deep—if not necessarily all that good—in starters.

Texas took an even bigger gamble in the bullpen, where Hunter has given the right-handed relief job to 22-year-old Len Barker, a 6′ 4″, 235-pound fireballer who was so impressive in 47 innings at the end of last season that the Rangers felt free to deal off Devine.

Autry's big purchase for the Angels this year is former Minnesota Outfielder Lyman Bostock, who finished a distant second to Rod Carew in the 1977 batting race with a .336 average. Bostock cost about $2.3 million (for five years) and will replace Bobby Bonds, California's best hitter last season, who was getting ready to play out his option and was shipped to the White Sox. But where the Angels figure to benefit most from the reentry draft is in the return to good health of two of last year's acquisitions, Leftfielder Joe Rudi and Bobby Grich, who will move from shortstop back to his original position, second base. Rudi played in only 64 games—and had 53 RBIs—before a broken wrist ended his season. Grich played in just 52 before undergoing back surgery. They should give California a lot of wallop.

But will it be enough? Like Texas, California has pitching woes, despite the best one-two combination in baseball, Nolan Ryan (19–16) and Frank Tanana (15–9 in an injury-shortened season). As usual, Ryan led the majors with 341 strikeouts, or 10.26 a game. Manager Dave Garcia has decided not to pitch them back to back this season, because they complete so many games (42 in 1977) that the Angel relievers get stale.

The question is where will Garcia find additional starters. He thinks he has two in Ken Brett, who has a history of arm trouble, and promising 23-year-old Don Aase, acquired from the Red Sox for Second Baseman Jerry Remy. Aase was 6–2 with a 3.13 ERA in half a season with Boston. If Aase and Brett falter, at least there will be good relief from lefthander Dave LaRoche and righthander Paul Hartzell.

Kansas City has not sat idly by during the Texas-California spending sprees, and there seems to be enough talent in Burke's farm system to keep the Royals one step ahead of their expansive rivals. Twenty-year-old Clint Hurdle, the American Association MVP last season with a .328 average, has a good chance of beating out John Mayberry at first base or, if Mayberry's hitting improves (.230 in 1977, but 82 RBIs), of becoming the everyday leftfielder. In center, 22-year-old Willie Wilson, who stole 74 bases in Triple-A, is battling Amos Otis.

The Royals are set—and solid—everywhere else. Rightfielder Al Cowens, runner-up in the MVP voting after hitting .312 with 23 homers and 112 RBIs, won a Gold Glove, as did Second Baseman Frank White. Shortstop Fred Patek led the league with 53 stolen bases. Third Baseman George Brett hit .312, and DH Hal McRae batted .298. The Royals have so much talent that Manager Whitey Herzog, whose players call him the White Rat, said early in spring training, "I can cut the team to 30, but I'm going to have a problem getting to 25."

Some observers say the Royals should use their excess talent to trade for another starter—even though Kansas City led the league in pitching last year. Herzog uses a five-man rotation, but as spring training closed only Dennis Leonard (20–12 with a 3.04 ERA) and Paul Splittorff (16–6 after a 1–4 start) were sure to be among the starters. Jim Colborn, who was 18–14 a year ago, Marty Pattin, Larry Gura, Andy Hassler and a 6′ 7″ rookie, Rich Gale, were competing for the other spots. In the wings is Steve Busby, who missed most of the last two seasons with an ailing shoulder, but in the three years before that won 56 games. A return to form by Busby could turn the West into a Royal rout. Righthander Doug Bird anchors the bullpen again, and K.C. added balance there by trading righthander Mark Littell for lefthander Al (Mad Hungarian) Hrabosky, who after a year of bristling about the Cardinals' rules against facial hair was happily wearing a full beard in spring training. In pitching, as elsewhere, the Royals seem to have too much talent to be caught.

The White Sox surprised everyone by leading the division as late as Aug. 19 and finishing third with a 90–72 record. They were not the Go-Go Sox of Bill Veeck's earlier regime in Chicago, but the Boom-Boom Sox, a slugging team—192 home runs—that finished 10th in pitching, 12th



RICHIE ZISK

in fielding and dead last in stolen bases and double plays.

Unfortunately, Chicago lost three boomers when Rightfielder Zisk and DH Oscar Gamble became free agents and First Baseman Jim Spencer was dealt to the Yankees. Among them they accounted for 79 homers and 253 RBIs. As replacements, Veeck has acquired Bonds, who could become a free agent after this season, and former Yankee Ron Blomberg. Bonds almost became the first major-leaguer to hit 40 homers and steal 40 bases in a season last year when he clouted 37 round-trippers and swiped 41 bases, one fewer than the whole White Sox team in 1977. "If I get to run on my own," he says, "I'll steal 40 bases again, and the size of Comiskey Park doesn't bother me, either. I can hit the ball over the roof." Whether Blomberg can hit the ball past the mound is questionable. He was a .300-plus hitter from 1971 to 1974, but injuries all but inactivated him the past three seasons, and he has never been known to put forth maximum effort when it comes to conditioning.

There still is plenty of boom, however, among holdovers Eric Soderholm at third base, First Baseman Lamar Johnson, Leftfielder Ralph Garr, who hit .300 for the second straight season, and Second Baseman Jorge Orta. But their hitting will not be able to overcome the Sox' pitching and defensive lapses, particularly by the double-play combination of Orta and Shortstop Alan Bannister.

More than anything else, 1977 was the year of Rod Carew in Minnesota. He was named MVP after leading the league in average (.388), runs (128), hits (239) and triples (16). He also drove in 100 runs as the Twins became the league's top hitting team. But the reentry draft keeps eating away at Minnesota. The club's other two batting stars, Bostock and Larry Hisle, who drove in a league-leading 119 runs, became free agents and left the Twin Cities.

Their absence will be felt, because the Twins need every hit they can get. Their pitchers ranked 12th with a 4.36 ERA last season. The only reliable starter is Dave Goltz, who finished at 20–11 and had two of the staff's four shutouts and 19 of its 35 complete games. Minnesota figures to keep slumping, as it did at the end of last season, when it lost 27 of its final 43 games to drop from first place to fourth. A fall to fifth this year is likely.

The Twins will still be ahead of Oakland and Seattle, which will battle for the basement. The A's stayed in the news during the winter with their on-again, off-again move to Denver, which was still rumored to be under consideration with only 10 days remaining before the season opener. No wonder, because the A's drew fewer than 500,000 fans last season, when they finished last, half a game behind the Mariners. Now that they have traded their only drawing card, Pitcher Vida Blue, to the Giants, they may have trouble reaching the 100,000 mark by the All-Star break.

Although only Centerfielder Bill North remains from the starting lineup of the 1974 world champions, the A's are developing young talent that gives hope for the future—the very distant future. As rookies in '77, Outfielder Mitchell Page set a league record of 26 consecutive stolen bases while hitting .307 with 21 homers, and Third Baseman Wayne Gross made the All-Star team. The Blue trade brought three players who should help Oakland right away: Outfielder Gary Thomasson, who ripped 17 home runs and knocked in 71 runs in 1977; Catcher Gary Alexander, a good hitter but shaky on defense, and Reliever Dave Heaverlo, who appeared in 56 games and had a 2.55 ERA. In the long run the prize of the trade may turn out to be 21-year-old right-handed fastballer Alan Wirth, who was 15–5 with Double-A Waterbury (Conn.) last year. However, he will probably spend at least one more season in the minor leagues.

In their first year of existence the Mariners made an error in judgment. Assuming that the dead air in their domed stadium would keep fly balls from traveling far, they put a premium on speed. But the ball carried surprisingly well in Seattle, and the Mariners have had to go back to the drawing board. In the reentry draft, they acquired Outfielder Bruce Bochte, who hit .301 with California and Cleveland last year. He will team with DH Lee Stanton (27 homers, 90 RBIs), First Baseman Dan Meyer (22 homers, 90 RBIs) and Centerfielder Ruppert Jones (24 homers, 76 RBIs) to give the Mariners muscle. But the Bochte signing aside, Seattle plans to build from its own farm system. As co-owner Danny Kaye explains it, "One player like a Thurman Munson isn't going to help us. We need more than one, and we'd rather have our own roses to pick." No doubt Kaye has noted that Kansas City has been winning by picking from its own nursery.

—JOE MARSHALL

The East

It's about time the turmoil-means-trouble theory died a quiet death. Teams do not have to pray together to play together. Just look at the world champions of the 1970s. We are all too familiar with the 1977 Yankees and the 1972-74 A's. The 1971 Pirates were a club of delicate egos held together by Roberto Clemente. Even ostensibly harmonious teams such as the 1970 Orioles and 1975-76 Reds had conflicts, as any disparate group of 25 men will. The question is not whether jealousy, or even animosity, exists on teams, but how successfully it is suppressed on the field. The answer, in baseball at least, apparently is that it is done quite easily. Nevertheless, spring training began with an old refrain: "Can the champs live together?"

That question was not only irrelevant but it also tended to draw attention from the real issue—New York's baseball shortcomings. Lest we forget, the Yankees won the American League East last year by only 2½ games and did not have a season-long stopper in their rotation. Ron Guidry (16–7) came closest to filling that role, but he did not become a full-time starter until May 17. He was 10–2 after the All-Star break and finished with the league's fourth-best earned-run average (2.82), third-highest ratio of strikeouts per nine innings pitched (7.51) and second-most shutouts (5). If the spindly Guidry, a 5′11″, 161-pound lefthander, has enough stamina to keep his live fastball moving through an entire season, the Yankees should win the division again. "I don't see myself as a stopper," he says. "We have a lot of stoppers, a lot of aces. We've got the best staff of the past 10, 20, 30, maybe 40 years."

Get serious, Ron. If the other returning starters pitch true to form, Ed Figueroa (16–11) will not win many big

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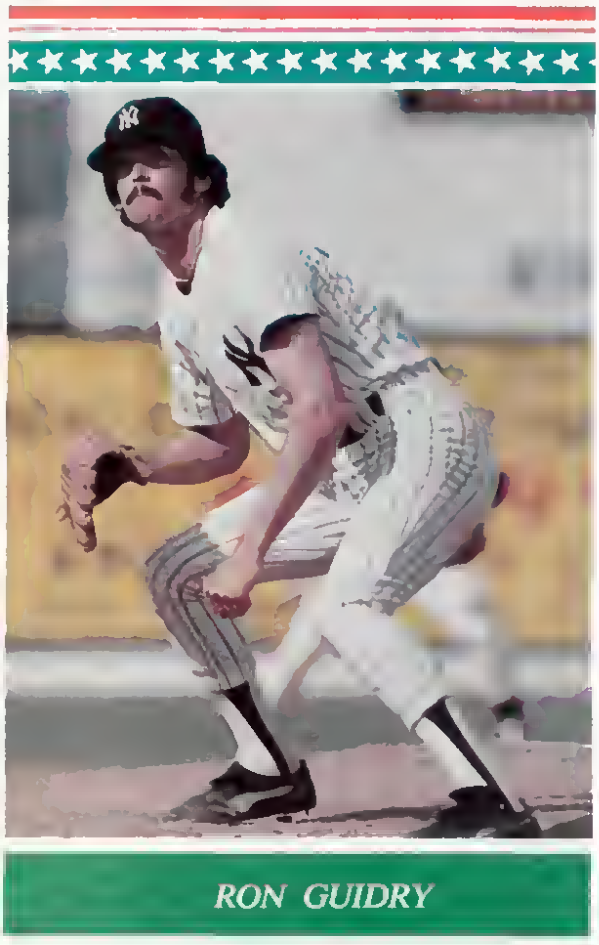
ones, Don Gullett (14–4) will have shoulder trouble and Catfish Hunter (9–9), who has averaged almost 250 innings during 13 big league seasons, will not be able to throw a fastball. Seventeen-game winner Mike Torrez might have been a stopper, but he played out his option and moved on to Boston. Andy Messersmith, late of Atlanta, might have filled the void, but he separated a shoulder in spring training. The Yankees do not lack for numbers, though. Dick Tidrow (11–4) moved into the rotation late last season and won five of seven starts. Now that a bone chip has been removed from his elbow, he can throw a curve for the first time. "I'm glad to start," he says, "because there's no room in the bullpen."

There sure isn't, what with Rawly Eastwick, Rich Gossage and Sparky Lyle ready to limber up. In Eastwick the Yankees have a rarity—a long reliever who likes his job. "I want to experiment with pitches," he says. "Short relievers go with fastballs and sliders. I'm 27. At 30 I might want to become a starter if some new pitches I am developing work out." In 1975 Eastwick came within one pitch of becoming the most valuable player in the World Series. In 1976 he was National League Fireman of the Year.

Last season the Reds put heavy pressure on him to sign, and he had an off year, first in Cincinnati, then in St. Louis, when he refused. There is every reason to expect a comeback. Behind Eastwick is another formidable line of defense: short relievers Gossage, a right-handed flame thrower who had 26 saves, a 1.62 ERA and 151 strikeouts in 133 innings at Pittsburgh, and Cy Young Award winner Lyle (13–5, 2.17, 26 saves), the unflappable lefthander with the smoking slider. There will be no finer bullpen in baseball if Lyle can accept the fact that he is no longer the Yankees' lone relief star.

And, if anything, the everyday lineup is improved. Cliff Johnson, a designated hitter and backup catcher, hit .296 with 12 homers and 31 RBIs in slightly more than a third of a season with New York. Starting Catcher Thurman Munson batted better than .300 and drove in 100 or more runs for the third straight year. First Baseman Chris Chambliss also had a third consecutive impressive season (.287, 90 runs driven in, 12 game-winning RBIs) and will be more ably backed up now that Jim Spencer, a superb gloveman and power hitter, has been imported from the White Sox. Second Baseman Willie Randolph and Shortstop Bucky Dent are a good double-play combination, and Third Baseman Graig Nettles is a rock. His eighth straight 150-game season was his finest (37 homers, 107 RBIs, one Gold Glove). Rightfielder Reggie Jackson hit .286 with 32 homers and 110 RBIs, set a Series record with five homers and wound up gracing the cover of the 1978 Yankee media guide along with a 1927 picture of Babe Ruth. Centerfielder Mickey Rivers also had his best season (.326). Only left field, which 34-year-olds Lou Piniella (.330) and Roy White (.268) will probably share, is a potential weakness.

But no, this is not another Yankee dynasty a-building, because Hunter, Lyle, Tidrow, Spencer, Munson and Jackson are in their 30s. But like its vintage forebears, this Yankee team comes at you in waves. Paul Blair, George Zeber, Mickey Klutts and Fred Stanley fill out the deepest roster in baseball. As Umpire Bill Kunkel told the White Sox before a spring training exhibition against New York, "Come out, if you dare."



RON GUIDRY

The Red Sox dare. "The Yankees got Gossage, Eastwick and Spencer," says Boston Manager Don Zimmer, "but we finished just 2½ back, and we got Torrez, Dennis Eckersley, Dick Drago, Tom Burgmeier and Jerry Remy. And Fred Lynn and Dwight Evans are healthy."

Indeed, the Sox regulars are even more impressive than New York's. Just consider that the No. 9 hitter, Third Baseman Butch Hobson, had 30 homers and 112 RBIs. Run through the Murderers Row of Catcher Carlton Fisk (.315, 26 home runs, 102 RBIs), First Baseman George Scott (33 homers, 95 RBIs) and Designated Hitter Jim Rice (.320, a league-leading 39 home runs, 114 RBIs). And don't neglect that geriatric wonder Carl Yastrzemski, who had 28 homers and only 40 strikeouts at age 38. The Red Sox hit as well as the Yankees (.281) and outhomered them 213–184. The hitting certainly does not figure to taper off in 1978. After all, a knee injury limited Rightfielder Evans to 73 games, and an ailing ankle made a mediocre hitter out of Centerfielder Lynn. Both are hale now.

An even better turn of events was the acquisition of Second Baseman Remy from California. His speed (41 stolen bases) will make a running team of the Sox for the first

time since 1974, and by leading off, he will make them a hit-and-run team, too. Few batters hit behind a runner better than Shortstop Rick Burleson, but the Sox were forced to use him as their lead-off man in 1977.

The Red Sox are younger and stronger defensively than the Yankees, but Boston pitching is at best imponderable. Bill Campbell (13–9, 31 saves) was Fireman of the Year in 1977, but needed two cortisone shots in September. His elbow acted up again this spring. Newcomers Eckersley, who is a far better pitcher than his 14–13 record in Cleveland indicated, and, to a lesser degree, Drago (6–4, 3.41 ERA at California and Baltimore) and Burgmeier (6–4, 5.10 at Minnesota) should give Campbell needed rest. Bill Lee (9–5) came off the injury list to pitch well in September, but Luis Tiant (12–8) dislocated a finger this March. Bob Stanley (8–7) has a year's major league experience under his belt; Reggie Cleveland (11–8) may have too many under his. The stopper should be Eckersley or Torrez, if he can come up with a start to match his annual hot finish. He won seven in a row down the stretch for the Yankees, but because of unfamiliar catchers—this is his sixth team in eight years—he tends to begin slowly. Torrez has a 2–4 record and 4.89 ERA at Fenway Park, nonetheless, he has pitched well there in four of seven starts. He and Eckersley are both better than the departed Ferguson Jenkins, but for the Red Sox that may not be improvement enough.

"For the first time since 1967 Baltimore has no chance to win anything," read a sentence in this space last year. Despite the surprising Orioles' near-pennant in 1977, that forecast now seems apt for 1978. True, Baltimore matched Boston's 97–64 record last season, though the Orioles had lost three important men to free agency. Players such as Rookie of the Year Eddie Murray (.283, 27 homers, 88 RBIs), Centerfielder Al Bumbry (.317), Rightfielder Ken Singleton (.328, 24 homers, 99 RBIs) and Pitcher Mike Flanagan (15–10) stepped in and performed admirably. Now Baltimore must do without three more free agents, Pitchers Ross Grimsley (14–10), Drago and Outfielder Elliott Maddox (.262), as well as Pitcher Rudy May (18–14), who was traded. Nevertheless, Manager of the Year Earl Weaver sees ways to improve: a couple of more wins from Jim Palmer (20–11), better early-season work from Flanagan, who started off 2–8, and more productivity from Second Baseman Doug DeCinces (.259, 19 homers, 69 RBIs), Don Stanhouse (1.39 ERA in relief) and Joe Kerrigan (11 saves), both acquired from Montreal in the Rudy May deal, will strengthen the bullpen. But Murray, Bumbry, Singleton, who is coming off elbow surgery, and First Baseman Lee May (27 homers, 99 RBIs), who has an arthritic hip, could be less imposing. The Orioles should again be plenty strong, but the Yankees and Red Sox have improved too much and Baltimore has too many shortcomings in two traditionally strong areas, pitching and defense, for another run at the division title. Weaver must depend too heavily on young starters Dennis Martinez (14–7, 4.10 ERA) and Scott McGregor (3–5, 4.42) for Baltimore to again top the league in complete games (65). And its pace-setting fielding percentage was misleading. The Orioles have excellent defense only when the ball is hit at Shortstop Mark Belanger, especially now that former DH Murray has become the third baseman.

Detroit and Milwaukee will stage a lively battle for fourth place, and the team that wins should also reach the .500 mark. Detroit finished 14 games under that last season but was without Pitchers Mark Fidrych and Dave Rozema, who was 15–7 as a rookie, for long spells. Both are now fit. As Fidrych says with his unique logic, "You're either 100% or 0%." A third pitching phenom, Jack Morris, has an ailing shoulder, but the Tigers have picked up Jim Slaton from Milwaukee and Jack Billingham from Cincinnati. Slaton has won 10 or more games and pitched at least 200 innings in each of the past five seasons. Billingham's sinker will be more effective on the American League's grass infields. Other strong points should be an improved double-play combination, no matter who among several candidates replaces Tom Veryzer at short and Tito Fuentes at second, and another season of proficient hitting by Ron LeFlore (.325, 39 stolen bases), Steve Kemp (18 homers, 88 RBIs) and Rusty Staub (22 homers, 101 RBIs). First Baseman Jason Thompson (.270, 31 homers, 105 RBIs), who looks ready to blossom into stardom at 23, was the talk of spring training, where he hit .329 with six home runs in 23 games.

Milwaukee has free-swinging sluggers galore. Last year Cecil Cooper, Don Money, Sixto Lezcano, Sal Bando, former Tiger Ben Oglivie and much-heralded free agent Larry Hisle accounted for 132 home runs and 533 strikeouts. The defense and relief pitching are adequate but the starters are awfully young. Jerry Augustine, Moose Haas and Lary Sorensen all are 24 or less. Fortunately, the Brewers' new manager is George Bamberger, a very successful pitching coach at Baltimore.

Coming home to rebuild the Indians, President Gabe Paul found he will not have to worry about the publicity department as long as that unabashed drummer, Manager Jeff Torborg, is around. "First Baseman Andre Thornton is a great person, a spiritual leader," says Torborg, "and he hit 28 homers. Duane Kuiper and Buddy Bell are as good as anyone at second and third. Injuries to Rick Manning in center and Johnny Grubb in left hurt us immensely, and we won't have those problems again." Torborg does have a pessimistic side. "We didn't run last year because we had no speed," he says. Since then the Indians have not gained much fleetness, and they have lost First Baseman-Outfielder Bruce Bochte and Pitcher Jim Bibby to free agency. There is little power behind Thornton, little pitching behind Wayne Garland (13–19), Rick Wise (11–5 at Boston), Mike Paxton (10–5 with the Red Sox) and Jim Kern (18 saves), and little behind Cleveland—except Toronto.

The Blue Jays lost 107 games in their inaugural season and will have trouble breaking into double figures this year. Nonetheless, season-ticket sales are ahead of 1977's record pace for an expansion team. Oh, Canada. Well, there are some players worth watching, among them Outfielder Bob Bailor, whose .310 average was the highest by a rookie in either league last year, and Designated Hitter Rico Carty, acquired from Cleveland to replace the departed Ron Fairly's experience and power. The best the penurious, slow-building Blue Jays could do in the reentry draft was Luis Gomez. The big news in Toronto is still baseball, but not good baseball.

—JIM KAPLAN

CONTINUED

The Quiz

These questions, some of them toughies and a few that most fans will find as easy to nail as a hanging curve, are taken from David Nemec's "The Even More Challenging Baseball Quiz Book" to be published by Collier Books. To get you started, here's a clue: all the men in the answers wore big league uniforms in 1977.

1 This season or next I'll probably get my 2,000th hit, but no one will notice. I know, because no one has ever noticed that over 15 seasons, playing for six clubs, I've been one of the steadiest and swiftest of outfielders. Never on a pennant winner, I've hit as high as .317 and have 325 stolen bases. Who am I?

2 At 23 I was the second-youngest player ever to win my league's MVP award. Last season, at 26, I was a strong candidate for the Comeback of the Year Award, after suffering through two dismal seasons following my MVP performance. Who am I?

3 Though I'm considered a superstar, I've never hit better than .293, have nearly as many strikeouts as base hits and have had 100 RBIs only four times in an 11-year career. I'm now playing in my fourth city. Who am I?

4 I played only one season—1959, when I hit .218 in 152 games as the Phils' second-sacker—but you'll be mighty embarrassed if you can't guess my name. Who am I?

5 I'm the only slugger who's hit more than 35 homers in a season and batted less than .235. Who am I?

6 We are the only backstops since Ernie Lombardi to have five .300 seasons. Who are we?

7 Except for Joe McCarthy and Steve O'Neill, I am the only man who has managed 1,500 or more games and never had a losing season. Who am I?

8 As a rook in '72 I was 7–0 in relief, and in '75 I led the American League in saves. But then I was put in the regular rotation in '76. Remember what happened to Ike Delock when he became a starter? Well, I must be another Ike, because I finished 9–17. I've gone back to the bullpen and changed teams twice since then. Who am I?

9 In 1970 I got off to a quick start, racking up 10 wins before my 20th birthday. I have more than 120 victories now, but some fans still think I'm not living up to my potential. I've just joined my third club. Who am I?

10 In my first nine seasons as a regular, I hit only 124 home runs. One year my total dropped to five, but it jumped to 43 the next, when I became only the second National Leaguer to have as many as 43 homers and fewer than 100 RBIs. Who am I?

11 I was the National League leader in '74 with a 2.28 ERA, but you've probably forgotten me, because my 16 victories that season are about half my major league total. Who am I?

12 Though I was never a league leader in any offensive category, my name's on the 2,000-hit list. Only once, in 1970, did I bat .300 as a regular, and only in 1963 with Philadelphia did I have as many as 180 hits. Steady was my name and second base was my game. I was pretty good as a pinch hitter, too. Who am I?

13 Everyone knows Mickey Mantle holds the record for homers by a switch hitter, and some folks undoubtedly know that Reggie Smith is second. I'm third. Who am I?

14 We're two former American League outfielders who carried sub-.245 career averages into the National League in the early '70s. One of us, a lefty, suddenly popped a .295 average in the NL after finishing in the AL with .107 and .188 seasons. The other of us, a righty, hit .288 for the same National League club in 1973, after falling as low as .171 for the '69 Yanks. We've both been busting the ball ever since. One of us got his first shot in the majors as a result of a trade that sent Clete Boyer from the Yankees. The other started out with the Angels. Who are we?

15 I'm the only man to have more than 2,800 hits on a lifetime average of less than .270. Who am I?

16 I'm the only pitcher with a Cy Young Award and a career winning percentage of less than .500. Who am I?

17 At Palm Beach High, where I was the manager of the football team on which Burt Reynolds starred, I was so small as a senior that my friends called me Peanut. I grew to big league stature by 1961, hitting .280 as the A's shortstop and stealing 37 sacks. Injuries slowed me thereafter, though I did give the Indians a few seasons of good work. Who am I?

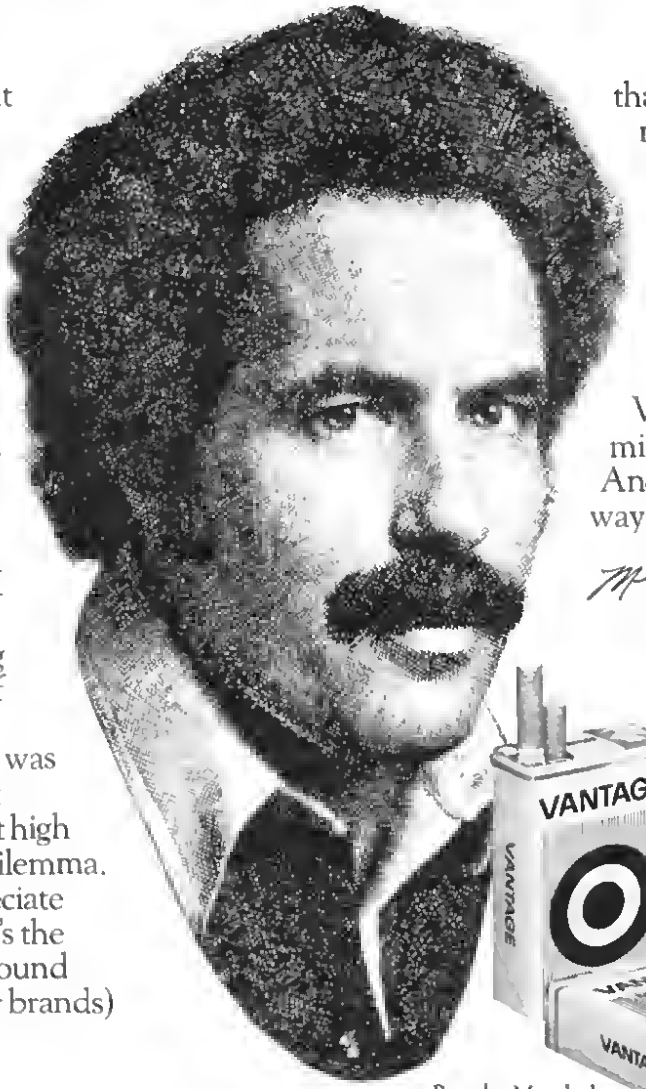
THE ANSWERS

1 *Phillie Jose Cardenal* **2** *Brave Jeff Burroughs* **3** *Yankee Reggie Jackson* **4** *Cincy Mgr. Sparky Anderson* **5** *Cub Dave Kingman* **5** *Yankee Thurman Munson; Cardinal Ted Simmons* **7** *Oriole Mgr. Earl Weaver* **8** *Yank Rich Gossage* **9** *Pirate Bert Blyleven* **10** *Phillie Dave Johnson* **11** *Ex-Brave Buzz Capra* **12** *Phils Coach Tony Taylor* **13** *Red Pete Rose* **14** *Pirate Bill Robinson, Phillie Jay Johnstone* **15** *Ex-Oriole Brooks Robinson* **15** *Retired Pitcher Mike Marshall* **17** *Yanks Coach Dick Howser*

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"I have my own ideas about smoking."



"I know what I like out of life. And one of the things I like is smoking. But there's no getting away from the stories I keep hearing about cigarettes and high tar.

"There's also no getting away from why I smoke. I smoke for the pleasure of it. For the taste. And for enjoying a cigarette after my long day as a teacher.

"Then at night when I work my other job—as a drummer—I enjoy lighting up between sets. It's part of the way I live.

"For me, the dilemma was how to find a cigarette that could give me taste without high tar. And that was quite a dilemma.

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"And the Vantage filter is especially neat because it's firm yet easy drawing.

"As far as Vantage goes, my mind is made up. And that's just the way I like it."

Mike Barbano

Mike Barbano
Atlanta, Georgia



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FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG '77;
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Both the best and worst

In a game in which indecorous behavior is the rule, the aggressive and abrasive Marty Hogan is the most ill-mannered player and the most accomplished

Look at him, darting around the glass-enclosed racquetball court like a feeding fish in its tank. He hits one ball between his legs, another while airborne, a third as he is sprawled on the floor. Losing himself in the joy of the moment, he winds up like a discus thrower and whacks the ball off four walls and the ceiling. But the point is growing long and Marty Hogan is coming out of his trance. From deep in the backcourt he strikes and—*splat!*—the ball hits low off the front wall and dies. A stunned crowd lets out a long "Oooo." It is just another point in the life of Marty Hogan.

Lately Hogan has been the life of racquetball. This is not easy. A decade ago 10,000 people played the game, today 5.5 million play it and—at this rate—in another 10 years there will be at least a trillion. But every time Martin Nathan Hogan, age 20, steps on the court, racquetball's mad whirl seems to stop. Hogan has won 15 of his last 18 pro tournaments and will be heavily favored to take his first national title this June in Detroit.

Before Hogan, players used a short backswing and hit balls off their front foot, techniques they had learned in other racquet sports. Hogan started with racquetball and developed a unique style. He takes an exaggerated backswing and makes contact off his trailing foot. His wristy, bullwhip stroke gives him power far out of proportion to his 5′ 10″ and 165 pounds. His shot has been clocked at 142 mph, about the same speed as Roscoe Tanner's blazing tennis serve, and along with the speed he has extraordinary control. He will routinely bury his serve in a corner, hit a front-corner "pinch" that quickly dies, or strike a patented shot that glances off the sidewall and strikes the front with a tremendous splat.

Taking advantage of the fast modern ball, Hogan has catapulted racquetball into an era of speed and youth. "He can hit an offensive shot from anywhere on the court," says Jay Jones, a 35-year-old professional. "He can put the ball away from a shoulder-high position, which no one else has been able to do." Charlie Brumfield, 29, who dominated racquetball in its bygone control days, ruefully notes that Hogan is not just another wild swinger. "He's the foremost technician in the game," says Brumfield. "He can hit a ball in midair or off-balance. He has thrown out all the standards of balance and foot position." Brumfield shakes his head. "And he's so loose and confident."

"I can ace them anytime I want," says Hogan a little too loudly, his light blue eyes twinkling. "The splat is an automatic winner." In the best gunslinging tradition, he challenges one and all. Hogan all but brandishes his weaknesses. He is slow going to his right, falls back after each shot, lets up when ahead and gives opponents too much room. But his adversaries are too busy scrambling to take advantage. When you play Marty, you have to put up with Marty.

Which takes some doing. The very mention of Hogan and decorum in the same breath sets off howls of protest. In a semifinal match in a tournament played in Westbury, N.Y. early this season, he beat Jerry Hilecher 21–3 in the first game and clowned through the second, blowing a lead and losing 21–20. Then Hogan whipped Hilecher 11–1 in the tie breaker. "Hogan the Hooligan," snapped *National Racquetball* magazine. A boyhood friend of Hogan's in St. Louis, Hilecher claimed their friendship was imperiled. "He was trying to break me in front of the crowd," he said. "It was not very professional."

Nor was Hogan very professional when losing to Brumfield in his only defeat of the season, a match in which he deliberately broke half a dozen racquets, or in the finals at Marietta, Ga., where he told the crowd at a game point, "I want you all to know that he had me

continued



With his unique style Hogan can hit screamers from any position—and with exceptional control. His forehand shot has been timed at 142 mph

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14–6 and now it's 20–14 my lead." But the crusher came in Westminster, Calif. when he cursed and raged at Davey Bledsoe, his opponent in the finals.

As unseemly as Hogan's behavior may be, many of his peers say it must be viewed in context. Hogan's braggadocio gives him a competitive edge, they say, and his tantrums provide timely release. Moreover, the consensus is that Hogan means little harm. "He just has a great will to win at all cost," says Bledsoe. Others point out that Hogan is usually a considerate opponent, given to calling errors on himself. "He's the fairest player on the tour," says Jones.

Even Hogan's critics acknowledge that he is more immature than malicious. Leading a match, he will clown, mug, laugh at himself, make melodramatic gestures or even play serious racquetball. It is for the most part harmless, if bad-mannered, entertainment. But let a match get close and his racquet may fly.

One man who might be able to restrain Hogan, if only he wanted to, is Charlie Drake, the chief executive officer of Leach Industries, the game's major manufacturer. Drake's company has contractual arrangements with so many players that he can often leave a tournament before the semis, knowing a client will win. Hogan lives at Drake's beachfront home in La Jolla, Calif., and Drake is his business manager and closest adviser. Some feel Drake actually encourages Hogan's rowdiness, and Drake does not exactly deny it. "People have become much more comfortable with emotion," he says. "I hate to stifle creativity and Marty's a natural, creative person. It's just that he's incredibly sensitive."

Drake believes Hogan would have won the 1977 nationals if he had unleashed his emotions. "His mother *and* grandmother were in the front row, and when things got tight he didn't have his usual outburst," Drake says. "So Bledsoe, who was playing very well, upset him." This year, Drake promises, the outcome will be different. "If I was to play doctor," he says, "I would have his family there, but not in the front row."

"Bledsoe was very lucky," says Hogan. "There won't be any flukes this time." Pronouncing himself bored with all the controversy, he adds, "I don't care. I play the way I want to. I ain't puttin' on no act because some snob wants to see a *nice* boy. When I'm out there, it's my show." As he finishes, he is laughing.

Sound familiar? Hogan resembles a lot of temperamental athletes, but no one so much as Jimmy Connors. Hogan and Connors both grew up in St. Louis, became stars at a young age and had their considerable egos nurtured by protective women—Gloria and his grandmother, the late Two-Mom, in Connors' case; mother Goldie and maternal grandmother Frieda in Hogan's. But even if we don't believe stories of a newer, nicer Jimbo, there is one glaring difference between Connors and Hogan. Connors has been an aberration in tennis; Hogan and racquetball seem to be made for each other.

Tennis, after all, grew out of court, or "royal," tennis, an ancient game that stresses playing form and comportment. Connors' hell-bent style and erratic behavior immediately set him apart. Racquetball evolved from handball, a brutal, often impolitic game brought over by Irish immigrants and dominated until recently by urban Jews. Racquetball is handball's spiritual heir, and Marty Hogan, who happens to be Irish on his father's side and Jewish on his mother's, is its latest prophet.

He grew up around the St. Louis Jewish Community Center, the celebrated "Jay" that is pro racquetball's prime feeder. Hogan's mother, who is separated from her husband and is supporting her family as a locker-room attendant at the Jay, handed Marty his first racquet at age eight. She taught him almost everything he knows about the game, played him until he was too good for her and will accept no criticism of him. "You could search the world over and never find a better boy," she says. Marty is correspondingly loyal, both to Goldie and his more philosophical grandmother Frieda, who calls him "Ho-Ho" Hogan.

For some years Hogan was just another Jay bird. In the 1975 nationals he lost a first-round match to Victor Niederhoffer, a squash champion, of all things. Niederhoffer ad-libbed shots Hogan had never seen and beat him 21–20 in the rubber game on a multiwall squash shot. At this point Hogan realized he would have to take his game beyond the comforts of home and the Jay. He went west that summer, played nearly every day and in the fall knocked off three of the country's top four players in Burlington, Vt. to win his first pro tournament.

The well-protected fledgling then left the nest for good. What kind of society did he fall into? Certainly not a polite one. During a racquetball match every form of psyching is permitted. It is perfectly common, if not ho-hum, to see one player threaten to kill another. Brumfield, the nonpareil hustler, once stuck a racquet under Hogan's chin, pushed him a few inches and threatened to bop him if he didn't back off. Brumfield was penalized one point—and won going away. It was only natural for an impressionable kid like Hogan to take these rough practices to new levels of perfection. His most memorable antics come when the crowd or another player bugs him, which often happens when you are the fastest gun. "Don't get him a little mad," says a tour regular. "The only way to beat him is when he's out of his mind or so lackadaisical he'll showboat."

Most of the time Hogan stays between the extremes. Brumfield believes that as Hogan matures he will lose his nasty edge and be more beatable.

This may be nothing more than another Brumfield psych. Former national champion Bill Schmidtke has a more likely prediction. "Hogan will be on top for a few years," he says, "but there are lots of young kids coming up who can hit just as hard. Sooner or later someone will be able to match him on the high shots."

Meanwhile, in his own words, Hogan is "ridin' high, cruisin', surfin', layin' on the beach lookin' for broads." He attends San Diego State on a scholarship paid for by Leach Industries and maintains a B average, thanks in part to coaching from Drake and Drake's secretary, Patty Reid. There is plenty of time to practice, run the beach with his cherished Dobermans, and drive his van or motorcycle at his customary breakneck speed. Marty mixes well with the locals, and the other players are always saying he is a "fun guy" to be around when he doesn't have a racquet in his hand.

And why shouldn't he be? "He earned $60,000 to $70,000 last year and we are projecting $100,000 for 1978," says Drake. "His income from appearances and endorsements should be 2½ times his purses. He just signed a contract with K Mart that compares favorably with Johnny Miller's deal with Sears."

In other words, Ho-Ho Hogan will be ho-ho-hoing all the way to the bank. **END**

Mavis, you're just amazing

Lots of grannies kick up their heels, but Mavis Lindgren does it in marathons

You can't really say Mavis Lindgren is *the* most amazing Little Old Lady there's ever been because you've got to contend with queens, the occasional prime minister and, once in a while, somebody like a President's mother who has been to India with the Peace Corps. But she's got to be right up there in the Top 20, maybe even Top 10, of modern-day LOLs.

Last Sunday, you see, Mavis celebrated her 71st birthday by running a marathon—26 miles, 385 yards. Let's clarify that: she celebrated her 71st birthday by running *another* marathon.

Mavis came into it a bit late, perhaps, but now she sort of collects marathons. Strangely, she had barely heard of the things until she was nearly 70. But last May she ran her first one along the Avenue of the Giants in northern California's Humboldt Redwoods State Park.

It rained for half of the five hours and four minutes she was out on the course, the last five miles were all uphill, and Mavis admits she needed the moral support given by her son Kelvin and grandson Mark, who ran the final eight miles with her. "But it was so beautiful," she says. "It was just like a fairyland in the redwoods."

Mavis suffered so little from the aftereffects that she was able to go for a short training run the next day. In fact, Mavis could think of only one thing that made her feel slightly bad about the race. "I took the trophy for oldest finisher away from Walter Stack," she says apologetically. "He was 69 and I was 70. It didn't seem right because he is so famous."

Walter Stack (SI, Dec. 15, 1975) is an athletic eccentric of moderate stature in San Francisco, a city not exactly known for its shortage of unusual persons. He gets up in the middle of every night, pedals his bicycle five miles up and down the city's hills, runs 17 miles, goes for a swim in the Bay and *then* goes to work as a hod carrier. He has run in races of up to 100 miles and, far from being jealous, he and Mavis have formed a mutual admiration society and correspond periodically.

The Avenue of the Giants was just a smell of the bait for Mavis, or maybe a nibble. She didn't run another marathon until Dec. 11 when, in 75°-80° temperatures and high humidity, she finished the Honolulu Marathon in 4:45.02, a whopping 19-minute improvement over her first race. She was hooked.

Mavis returned to California and on Jan. 29 ran a 4:46.10 in the World Masters Marathon in Orange. She did 4.56 in the Hidden Valley Marathon Feb. 12 and a 5:10.08 at the Orange Grove Marathon on her birthday, April 2. She is signed up for another Avenue of the Giants on May 7.

That will be five full marathons in a shade under five months. And the International Olympic Committee doesn't want to schedule anything longer than 1,500 meters for women because it might wear the delicate things out!

Mavis Lindgren, too, has some strong, if diametrically opposed, ideas about long-distance running and its effect on one's health. She was born in Manitoba, Canada, where winter temperatures sometimes drop to 55 below. When she was two, she had whooping cough, at 13 tuberculosis, and until middle age she was plagued by chronic chest colds that frequently turned into pneumonia as she grew older.

Lindgren ran a marathon to help celebrate her 71st birthday



Mavis was attending a Seventh Day Adventist convention in British Columbia when she started running, "because I thought it would help me." She was 62 at the time and has not stopped since. "After I started running, I never had another cold," she says. "I've been sick once in nine years. I had a real bad type of flu. I had it for three hours."

Once onto the subject of health, Mavis likes to turn the talk to eating rather than running. She is a vegetarian and has been one since 1914, when she was seven years old. Nowadays, she and her husband Carl are on a diet that sounds like something straight out of Squirrel Heaven. Their favorite meal, which they have three or four times a week, is a hot concoction of whole wheat, oats, brown rice, millet, seven-grain cereal, buckwheat, wheat germ and *triticale*, served up with dates and with a dressing of liquified soybeans and almonds. The other days of the

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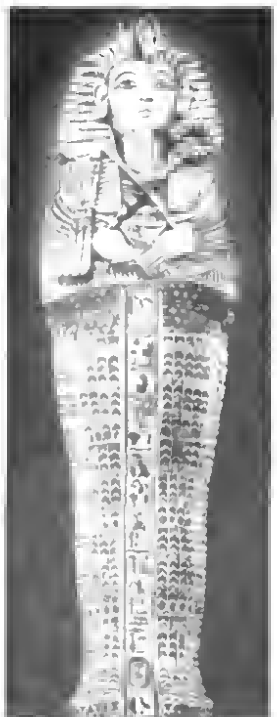
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week the Lindgrens choose from among their seven or eight favorite egg-free, milk-free waffle recipes in the *Oats, Peas, Beans & Barley Cookbook*. The cereal and waffles make up half their total diet because they eat only two meals a day.

Mavis likes to talk about her trips to Europe, at least as much as, if not more than, running. Four persons representing three generations, ranging from Mavis to a 12-year-old grandchild, went off to climb glaciers in Switzerland four years ago. Last summer, son Kelvin gave her a Mother's Day gift of a three-week trip to England. She stayed with a cousin in rural Leicestershire and recalls fondly her daily six-mile runs out to an old castle and back.

Kelvin, 44, is an ear, nose and throat surgeon who lives in Roseville, Calif. and is his mother's greatest fan. He goes to most of her races and, Mavis says, "would love to enter, but he can't run that far because of a bad knee. Sometimes he runs seven or eight miles with me."

It was Kelvin who first pointed out to his mother that she was probably the American, if not world, age-group marathon record holder. She is indeed the U.S. record holder, by a wide margin. *Runner's World* magazine, which keeps track of such facts, can't find another American woman over 64 who has even *run* a whole marathon. "Supposedly there is a lady marathoner in Sweden who is 72," Mavis says. But she adds, "I think she walks."

Son Kelvin entered Mavis in her first long-distance race, a 20-miler near Sacramento. He was kind enough to give her two months' warning, during which time she increased her weekly running mileage from 30 to about 50. She did 15 or 16 miles two or three times and filled in the other days with shorter runs.

This was all at age 69. The race was in November 1976, and Mavis finished in 4:14:40, although she says, "I found it a little bit rugged over the last five miles." Last November, on the same course, she cut her time by 42 minutes. If Mavis' son is her No. 1 fan, husband Carl, a retired hospital administrator, is not far behind. He, too, is unable to run because of a creaky knee. "He approves," Mavis says lovingly. "He totes me around to all the marathons. He goes behind me in the car during training runs. He'll stop and read a while, then find me in a mile or so and bring me a drink of water."

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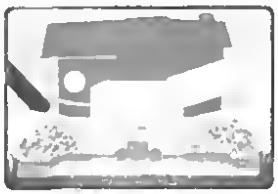
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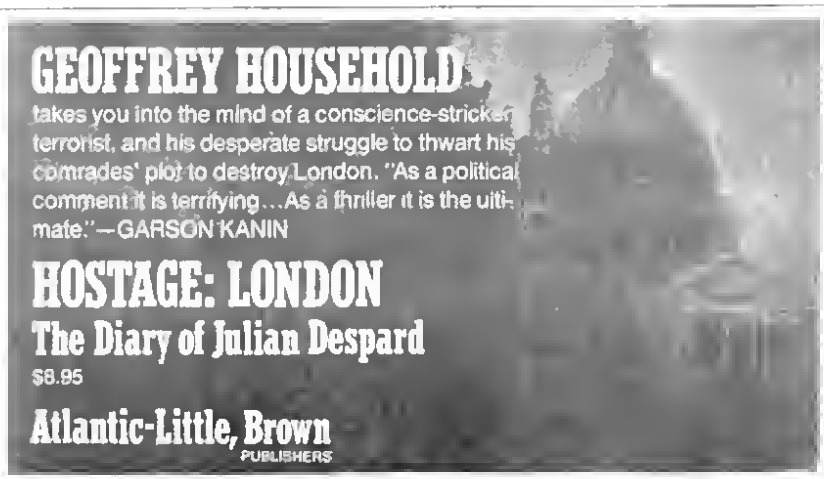


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leans (population 600) on a map of Humboldt County, let alone on a map of California. Carl and Mavis live *near* Orleans. To find them, you start out by going five miles past the ranger station up Ishi Pishi Road, which in some places is wholly paved, in others only partially, large chunks of asphalt having fallen down the cliff into the Klamath River. Next you get onto a dirt-and-gravel road and continue regressively over a long private dirt road, a dirt driveway and a mud driveway off of that. The mud driveway belongs to Mavis and Carl.

These are the roads on which Mavis does her training, never missing a day unless—and she holds her thumb and middle finger three inches apart—"the snow gets this deep."

She is a little bit afraid of falling but says, "I haven't fallen down for a year and a half or two years, maybe. I love to run when it is just getting light, and when we first came up here I fell down and cut my knees three times."

Mavis apparently is not afraid of much else. All these dirt roads lead deep into the groves of pencil-straight fir trees in the Six Rivers National Forest. This is Bigfoot country, and even if he hasn't been seen very many times by very many people, there are enough bears around to make you want to look over your shoulder every once in a while when you're out alone at dawn.

By now you should have your images of Mavis Lindgren all conjured up, right? What she looks like, how she dresses, what her home with the mud driveway is like. O.K.?

Mavis isn't like that at all. At the end of the mud driveway off the dirt road off the dirt road off the dirt-and-gravel road, Mavis and Carl Lindgren live in a three-bedroom mobile home, complete with piano, simulated wood paneling, thick, fluffy wall-to-wall carpeting and Naugahyde-covered contemporary furniture.

Showing a visitor around the other day, Mavis was wearing a pantsuit in a shade accurately called shocking pink. She had on the kind of glasses ladies favored back in the '50s—the ones with the rhinestone frames that come to a point way out there beyond the temples, like the wings of some great mythical butterfly. There weren't any rhinestones on Mavis' glasses, but the bluish-gray frames almost perfectly matched her hair, not a strand of which was out of place. And she did not have on tennis shoes. **END**



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Penny Pulz forced Post into sudden death with a final-hole birdie

Well, she can't win them all

Rookie Nancy Lopez was on a hot streak but cooled off at Mission Hills

The white-on-white-on-white Palm Springs crowd likes to drop lots of big names, and with all the beautiful people in town for the Colgate–Dinah Shore Winners Circle golf tournament—a lot of names right there—last week was no exception. You heard plenty of Hopes and Sinatras and Jerry Fords and Colgates. But no name found its way into more conversations than that of Nancy Lopez, the 21-year-old LPGA rookie who has been threatening to make a shambles of the women's tour.

Let nothing be taken away from Sandra Post, who won the $36,000 first-place check in the tournament at the Mission Hills C.C., which, with its $305,000 purse, is billed as the richest in all of women's sports. It was, after all, perfectly understandable that Lopez should have commanded most of the attention until Sunday, when it finally became certain that she would be less than sensational for the first time in a month.

All she did during that period was win the Bent Tree Classic in Sarasota, Fla. and the Sunstar Classic in Los Angeles back to back, and then narrowly miss a third straight victory in the Kathryn Crosby/Honda Civic Classic when she failed to sink a 12-foot putt by an inch and lost in a sudden-death playoff to Sally Little. As a result of her stunning play, Lopez zoomed to the top of the money list, with $47,317, and established herself as the player to beat at Palm Springs—and everywhere else.

Little wonder then, that even as she floundered through the first two rounds at Mission Hills, everyone kept expecting to see Lopez' name climb the leader board at any minute. On Thursday, while Post fired a course-record seven-under 65, Lopez looked like an early goner with four bogeys on the front nine. However, she made three straight birdies on the back side to salvage a 73. On Friday, when Post shot a 74, Lopez made three bogeys on the first seven holes. But again she caught fire, birdieing six of the last 10 for a 70 and moving to within four shots of Post. On Saturday Lopez shot a 76, her worst round of 1978, and trailed Post, the leader at five under par, by eight shots.

Meanwhile, Lopez' playing partner, 25-year-old Penny Pulz of Australia, quietly entered the picture by firing a three-under-par 69 to trail Post by only one shot after 54 holes. On Sunday, Pulz forced a sudden-death playoff by holing a 15-foot birdie putt on the 18th green.

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but Post won on the second extra hole. For Post, a Canadian who joined the tour in 1968, it was only her second LPGA victory—and her first in 10 years, or 211 tournaments.

Lopez shot a final-round 73 to place 12th and win another $4,455. The emergence of Lopez—along with other fresh faces such as Debbie Massey, Hollis Stacy and Amy Alcott—is one indication that the women's tour is in transition. Another is that last year's big three—Judy Rankin, JoAnne Carner and Kathy Whitworth—are having trouble stayin' alive. Last week Carner was just one stroke behind Post after 36 holes, but on Saturday she took an 11 on the par-4 3rd hole. She tied Lopez for 12th place, and she is currently 13th on the money list. Rankin, mired in a mysterious slump, finished 37th at Mission Hills after coming in 40th and 44th the previous two weeks; she is 25th on the list. Whitworth is 49th, having won barely more than $2,000 in six tournaments this season.

Withal, the tour is healthier than ever, offering a total purse of $3.4 million, nearly triple what it was three years ago. And in Lopez, the LPGA may finally have a star capable of doing for golf what King and Evert have done for tennis.

It is a sad fact that the shot-making greatness of players like Babe Zaharias, Mickey Wright, Patty Berg and Whitworth has never been enough to sell women's golf to the masses. In fact, the person given most of the credit for that is Laura Baugh—as in, "Hey, Laura Baugh, how's your love life?" And in six years on the tour, Baugh has yet to win a tournament.

Now there is Lopez, the first woman golfer to have it all—ability and maturity that belie her 21 years, not to mention a sparkling personality. "What a star she can be," says Chip Campbell, the LPGA's publicist. "She attracts you with the smile and dazzles you with the golf."

The smile seems to form way down in her toes and spiral up through her body until it comes bursting from her face like a beacon. It disappears when she is standing over the ball. Then, with an unorthodox swing—arms far from her body, hands too high on the backswing—she cracks the ball with enormous power, as long as any of the women. Her putting is exceptional, and the one weakness to which she admits is her chipping. "I guess because I don't miss enough greens to get the practice," she says.

"The best part of her game?" says her caddie, Roscoe Jones. "Well, it isn't any particular club. She hits them all well. It must be her mental game. Yes. There she is, all sweet and smiling, kissing her daddy before the round, then it's all business. She's got that ruthlessness. I can see her doing to the ladies what Nicklaus has done to the men."



Lopez has won $51,772, tops on the LPGA tour.

By now, the Nancy Lopez story is legend. She was the little Mexican girl who would trail behind her daddy "hitting, hitting and hitting" with a sawed-off three-wood on the parched public-links course in Roswell, N. Mex. She won her first tournament at age nine, by 110 strokes, and at 12 won the New Mexico *Women's* Amateur. She won eight major amateur tournaments and the 1976 national collegiate championship before dropping out of the University of Tulsa to turn pro last year. She finished second in her first three tournaments, including the U.S. Open. In September, Nancy's mother died of complications following an appendectomy, and Lopez withdrew from the tour for a month. But she came back even more determined. "She may be 21," says her caddie, "but there isn't another lady out here with more self-control."

When she does poorly, as she did last week, it is probably for reasons beyond her control. Her "disastrous" 76 was caused by pressures and hassles she never before had to worry about. She had the biggest galleries at Mission Hills, with a heavy Mexican flavor, starring her father Domingo, who would drink a half-dozen Coors, chatter away and pull out old newspaper clippings about Nancy to show strangers. Her 8-year-old nephew Bernie made a big hit with his AUNT NANCY NUMBER 1 T shirt. An endless stream of relatives and friends poured into town, turning Nancy's rented condominium into a boarding house. There were constant interviews with the press. Then, her fiancé Ron Benedetti flew in from Houston after reading in TIME that their marriage had been postponed. "People forgot that I'm human," Nancy said. For once the smile faded.

"I don't know if it's an emotional breakdown or what," she said, "but I don't feel real happy right now. My life is changing and I don't know if I want it to. So many things matter to me—how I look, how people feel about me, what my friends are doing—and now golf is so *serious*. The other day I told everybody, 'Look, this isn't a party. It's a golf tournament.' Then I felt terrible for being such a crab."

The smile returned soon enough. "I believe I'm gifted," she said. "God gave me this talent and I believe I can do anything."

People like the LPGA's Campbell worry that Lopez might become overpromoted, as the tour's other pretty faces—notably Baugh and Jan Stephenson—have been. But though Lopez is very conscious of her appearance—she has been struggling with a diet to control her weight—she says, "I want to make my money by winning. I'm here for golf, not for sex." **END**

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A final toast to a beloved 'chaser

Red Rum's injured fetlock kept his many fans in suspense all week before they learned that the grand old horse wouldn't run in the Grand National, but in a fitting finale, riderless, he led his last post parade

A few minutes ago," intoned the newscaster in the heavy, serious manner the BBC reserves for disasters, "after a day of gloomier and gloomier predictions. . . " He allowed us a moment to brace ourselves, the family friend deputed to break the worst kind of news. Then he gave it to us the straight way, the best way. Red Rum (SI, March 27), the greatest steeplechaser in the world, had been withdrawn from the Grand National at Aintree less than 20 hours before the start.

That was last Friday evening, the end of a bad five days for England, though it was toughest of all for London, where a newspaper distributors' strike meant there were no morning dailies. The two evening papers, the *News* and the *Standard*, were circulating, but they were not much help. On Friday afternoon you felt fine if you were a *Standard* reader. RED RUM WILL RUN—OFFICIAL, exulted the paper. It quoted Rum's vet, Ted Greenway, as saying that the horse looked well and "seemed his normal self." On the way home from work, though, just to make sure, you might have picked up a *News* and had your appetite for dinner spoiled. ODDS ON HE'S OUT, mourned the headline, and by now there was no need to specify who "he" was. Like the *Standard*, the *News* quoted Greenway, who seemed to have changed his mind. "I don't fancy his chances. He looked distressed when he returned to the stables."

England's sports fans had been thoroughly confused since the *Daily Mail* scooped the rest of Fleet Street with a front-page story the Monday before the race saying that the great 13-year-old, which was going for his fourth National win, had injured a foot galloping on the sands at Southport, near Liverpool. There were cynics who saw the story as a stunt by the *Mail*, which had an exclusive contract with Red Rum's jockey, Tommy Stack, and for a while they seemed to be right. By midweek, reports were more encouraging. The injury was merely a bruise, it seemed. There was a 95% chance that the horse would run. English racing fans breathed easy again, and the mailman staggered to Trainer Ginger McCain's tiny stable yard behind the used-car lot with sacks of get-well cards.

The final test would be a six-furlong gallop on the National course on Friday morning. Meanwhile, the bookies took Red Rum out of the betting—the horse had been a 7-to-1 favorite—then reinstated him at 10 to 1 on a "with-a-run" basis, meaning that stakes money would be returned if he dropped out. There was no such luck, though, for bettors who had staked $2 million on him before the injury. The bookies kept that.

Mysteriously, last Friday, the news was slow to break on the outcome of the morning workout, and the cynics were shaking their heads again. An announcement would be made, it seemed, as late as noon Saturday, little more than three hours before the race, and it was clear who had most to gain from all this tardiness: the giant bookmaking firm of Ladbroke's, which controls about one-seventh of the British betting industry. Ladbroke's now sponsors the National. With Red Rum—or even the possibility of Red Rum running—Ladbroke's hoped for an attendance of 75,000 at Aintree. Without him it might be cut by a third, possibly more.

By Friday evening the speculation had been reduced to blind hope. The best summing up of the nation's mood came in a lugubrious song, reminiscent of the Victorian music halls, which a young man improvised on early evening television: *Please Let Rummy Run Tomorrow, Ginger*.

The dolorous news finally came at 8:30 p.m. At the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool, the traditional eve-of-race gathering place of racing types, the man from the *London Sun* put down his drink. "That's blown my bloody evening," he said, hastening off to rewrite his piece for next morning. An Irishman reacted in a way that had become increasingly common through the week. "Bloody right," he said. "It was a crying shame to have run that old horse, anyway. It's money, money, money. It's been that all the time."

That day another sour note had been sounded. Noel Le Mare, the 91-year-old owner of Red Rum, who had fallen and injured his pelvis the previous weekend and was now in a wheelchair, suddenly announced that he would give the horse to Mrs. Sandra Miles, who, as Red Rum's stable girl, had nursed him through the pedalosteitis that had threatened to finish his racing career as an 8-year-old and had quit her job and the sport out of unhappiness when the horse was sold to Le Mare.

"A load of ruhbish," said McCain when he heard the news. "My father is an old man," said Le Mare's daughter, who refused to let reporters speak with him on Friday. "I am not saying he is failing in any way but there has been some confusion."

But at least one more public appearance awaited Red Rum. On Saturday morning at Aintree, under black skies and in lashing rain, he led the runners to the start, riderless because the stewards had forbidden his stable lad to get in the saddle. The rear hind fetlock, which had been bruised by a stone on Southport Beach, did not hamper his gait. Returning alone, he bucked and pranced like a circus horse. Had he run and won, the bookies stood to lose $14 million. As it was, there were conflicting shouts. "Let him run! Let him run!" roared one faction. But another yelled, "Take him home!"

And, ah yes, then followed the Grand National of 1978, which, paradoxically, was never for a moment the anticlimax predicted for close on 60,000 spectators: five of the 15 finishers (from 37 starters) were jammed into less than three lengths as they passed the post. The winner, by about half a length over Sebastian, was Lucius, a 14-to-1 shot. You can already place a bet on Lucius at 20 to 1 for next year's National. Hail Lucius. Farewell Red Rum. END



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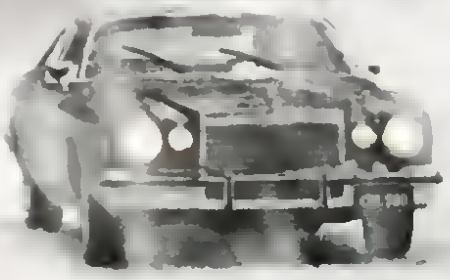
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It's a tough act to follow

And that's just what the Penn, Cal and Harvard crews did, finishing in the wake of Washington's hardy and unyielding crew (below) on San Diego's Mission Bay



A great day of rowing was winding up on Mission Bay in San Diego last weekend when a spectator stopped a Harvard oarsman and pointed at the Crimson's borrowed eight-oared shell, which was about to be put into the water for the main event of the afternoon. "Did you notice the name on the bow?" he asked. "Yes," the Harvard replied. "*Audacious*. Appropriate, isn't it?"

It would have been, once. But a short time later the Harvard eight limped across the finish line in fourth place and an era of intercollegiate rowing seemed to have ended. Harvard had not been audacious, either on the water or off it, and the all-conquering Crimson had been beaten not only by a fine Washington crew, but by Pennsylvania and California as well.

The regatta was the sixth annual San Diego Crew Classic, which this year drew Washington, Harvard, Penn, Wisconsin, Cal and Cornell in a field of a dozen—all in all, the most impressive aggregation of collegiate crew powers ever to race on one body of water. Harvard arrived with a four-year intercollegiate record of 28–1 and an indefinable flair that seemed to transcend normal physical laws. Washington had always been bigger and stronger, but for three straight years at San Diego the Huskies had not won, finishing second and sixth behind Harvard and last year second to Penn. Penn had followed its 1977 victory over Washington with a stunning win over Harvard five weeks later at Cambridge. Cornell was no slouch, either, the Big Red had won last year's IRA at Syracuse, N.Y. with a stirring come-from-behind finish. And, most notable of all, Washington had gone on to win the Grand Challenge Cup at England's Henley Royal Regatta last summer, while Harvard and Cornell had failed to make the finals. So the word at San Diego was showdown, with qualifications—winter and ice.

That is what the Eastern schools had been contending with. Harvard had no water until mid-March and was able to get out on the Charles only after Coach Harry Parker and his oarsmen put a launch in the river and spent three days butting the floes aside to clear a rowable lane. The Crimson shivered upstream and down for four days, then flew to San Diego a week early to train. The new Ice Age reached south to Pennsylvania, but the Quakers went to Florida in January, which helped. Up in Ithaca, Cornell was as icebound as Harvard, and Wisconsin Coach Randy Jablonic had his annual litany of arctic horrors to relate—30 inches of ice on Lake Mendota, brutal wind-chill factors. So Jablonic ran his men a couple of thousand miles a week, had them lift three or four tons of weights a day and terrorized them in the rowing tanks. But there is more than one way to win a crew race, and Harvard had faced icy springs before, including the two that preceded wins at San Diego.

As things turned out, neither Cornell nor Wisconsin survived their heats leading up to the heavyweight finals, which were rowed with a neutral breeze putting a slight chop on Mission Bay. After five strokes, Penn was a half seat up on Washington. One stroke later, Washington Coxswain John Stillings shouted, "Wind it up!" and his boat shot ahead. At 700 meters, Washington led by almost a length, despite the entreaties of the Penn coxswain, John Chatzky, who repeated at least 10 times, "Jack it up." At 850 meters, Chatzky called out, "Take a big 20," and Penn started moving, sprinting unusually early. Stillings didn't like that, but at 1,500 meters he still had Washington rowing at 36 strokes per minute, about normal for that stage of a 2,000-meter race. With 200 meters to go, the Huskies' lead had dwindled to only three seats, but Washington held on and won by five seats in 6:03.1 to Penn's 6:05.2. Cal was half a deck behind Penn, and two seats ahead of Harvard. Harvard in *fourth* place? No Harvard varsity eight had finished that poorly since forever.

As the shells moved slowly down the shore, Stillings rose on his tiny perch and did a mad, precarious, celebratory dance. When he came ashore he went straight to his coach. "I hate to tell you this," Stillings said, "but we were disqualified."

"Oh?" said Dick Erickson.

"April Fool, you son of a gun," said Stillings.

Earlier in the week, Erickson had said about the forthcoming race, "We've got a bunch of inexperienced, naive, scared, excited little boys, but we're racing on April Fool's Day, so you never can tell what will happen." Erickson, a slim 42-year-old, tends to be deprecatory about both himself and his crew, and the assortment of adjectives in no way reflected the Huskies' actual state of mind. They were ready to race. In the past they had had trouble getting off the line fast

continued

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enough, and they had spent much of the spring working on starts as well as on another weakness, the 500-to-1,500-meter section of races. Erickson would call for a 4½-mile grind one day, and on the next for successive sprints of 500 meters each. After three or four of these, he would announce, "O.K., this is the last one." It never was. After four or five more, when the crew finally got ashore, he would order a run up 30 flights of stadium steps. "We worked harder this spring than ever before," says Stillings, "and the confidence we got from winning at Henley sure didn't hurt."

In San Diego, after checking into the Naval Training Center where most of the crews stayed, Erickson listened to the rigid military regulations they would have to observe and said, "That's not as tough as what these guys are used to." And practicing on Mission Bay on a windy, rainy day, he shouted through his megaphone, "Come on, now, get tired, get tired!" and, "Get wheezing, come on, get wheezing!" As the oarsmen stopped and pressed their forefingers to their carotid arteries to test their pulse rates, it seemed about time for eight cardiac emergencies. But Erickson told them, "I know you don't want to work so hard this close to the race, but you have to. It's gonna be dog eat dog out there."

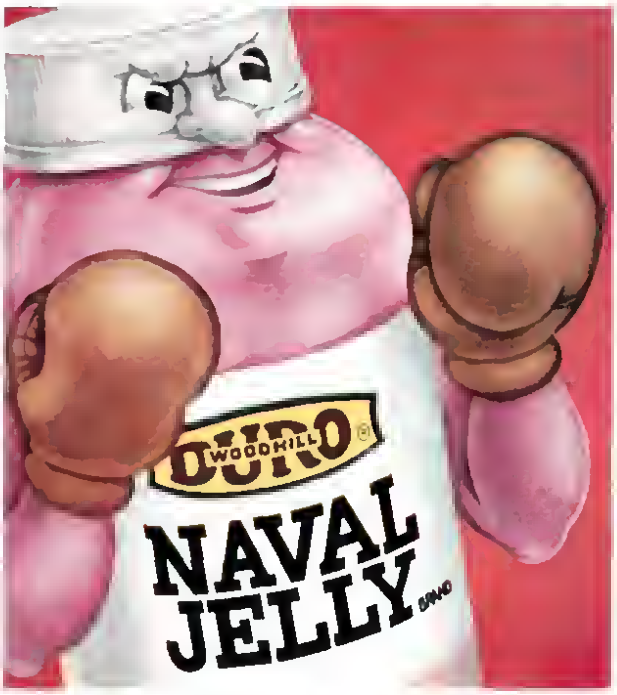
Erickson is now in his 11th year as varsity coach and can get away with playing the ogre. The Washington crew has a Spartan tradition. Captain and stroke Mike Hess likes to sleep outside on the open porch of the crew house, where the temperature occasionally drops into the 30s. Four Oar Kris Schonberg swims all winter in 42° Puget Sound. And if Erickson's training regimen gets a little tedious, his swings in mood and wild stunts—his men call him Erratickson—provide welcome diversion. He regularly heaves megaphones at lazy crews, and one day not long ago he got so impatient with a faulty workout that he bit a chunk *from the windshield of his coaching* launch. That got him a gift of a polished wooden block, fitted with a miniature windshield and a pair of false teeth biting down on it.

The relationship between a crew coach and his oarsmen is apt to be strange in any case. No matter how much pain the oarsmen experience, they always respond with respect and affection, though this takes odd forms. As Harvard Six Oar George Aitken said of Coach Harry Par-

continued

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ker at San Diego, "I guess we're really close to him, or we wouldn't call him the Weird One." Erickson, who is not the Pierre Cardin of Seattle, is known as Doubleknit Dick.

Penn Coach Ted Nash, 45, is known simply as Ted, perhaps because he has a black belt in judo, weighs 200 pounds, has completed six marathons, ran a guerrilla warfare camp and won a gold medal at Rome in a four-man shell, a bronze at Tokyo and 14 national rowing titles. Or perhaps it is because, as one of his oarsmen puts it, "He can total any one of us." After the loss to Washington, Nash approached Mike Hess and said, "Great race. We got you last year, and you got us this." And as the boats were being loaded on the trailers, Nash was saying of his oarsmen, "I want them to leave crew feeling as if some of the most spectacular moments of their lives were spent racing against their peers. And if I can create a memory for them that makes them smile for the next 40 years, then all my work will have been worthwhile."

"Is winning necessary for that?" he was asked.

"Hell, no," Nash said. "A crew races maybe seven times a year, for about six minutes per race. We practice for nine months, six days a week, two hours a day. That's 432 hours of practice and 42 minutes of competition. So winning is a part of it, yes, but obviously not the major part.

"Look over there. Half of my varsity is smiling now. The biggest thrill of all is that they gave it their best shot, and the racing was superb."

There is a real East-West rivalry in the sport, a clear clash of styles, off the water and on. Said a member of a California junior college crew to a group of Washington oarsmen, "It's great that you buried the Ivy League." But a California girl, watching the Huskies on the victory platform, complained about their hair. "If they just had some more hair it wouldn't be too bad." Most of the Huskies got crew cuts three weeks before the regatta, "to psych out our opponents." It is not likely that young men with nicknames like Big Bird and The Goog would cause hearts to flutter around Radcliffe, or kick around the *Critique of Pure Reason*. But having concluded that, so what? As a Washington booster said, "They went down that course with the best crews in the country, and today, at least, they reached the finish line first." **END**



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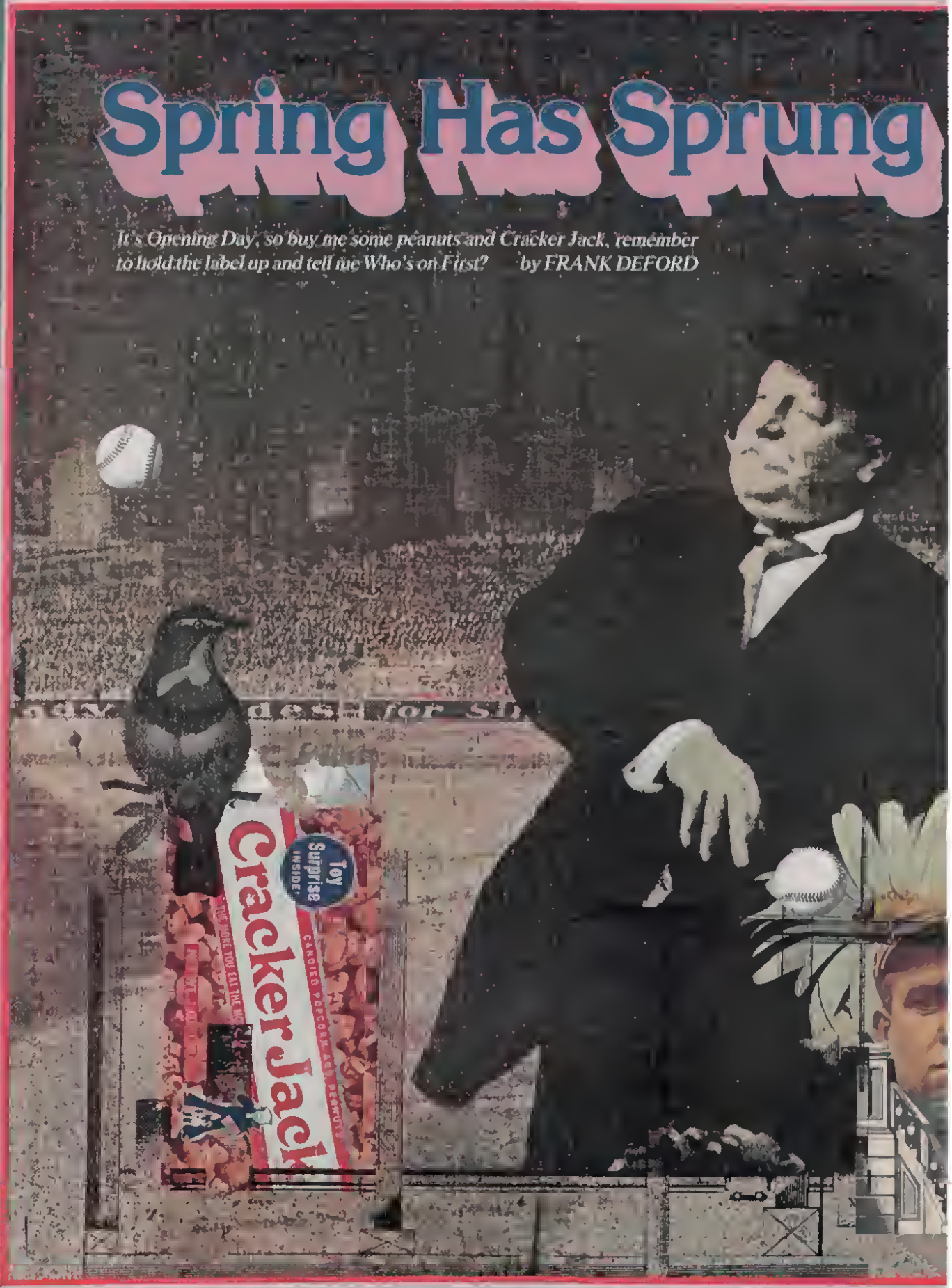
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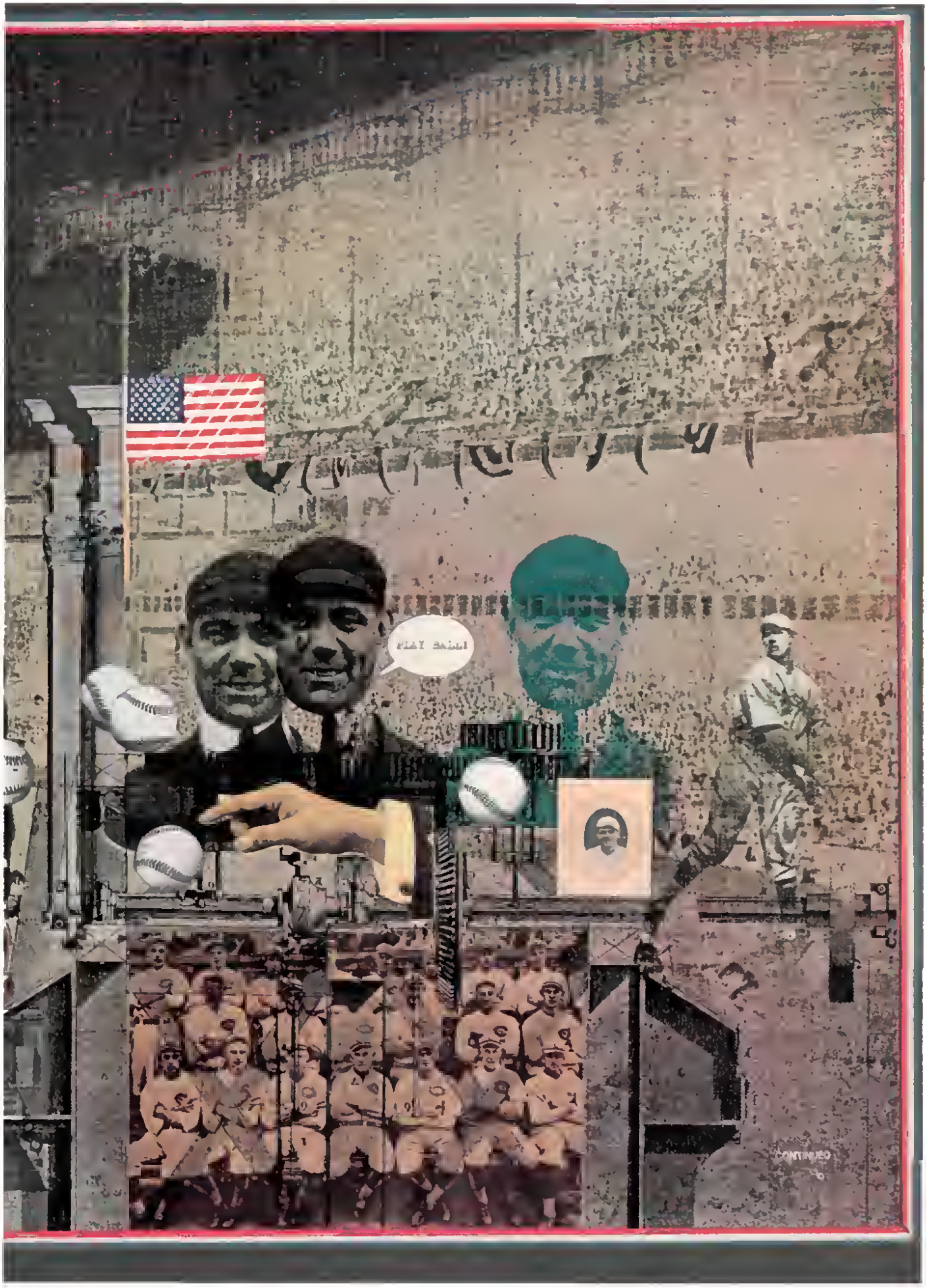
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Opening Day. There is only one, and it's in baseball. The theater has opening nights scattered here and there about the calendar, and there are various opening days of . . . the fishing season, the race meeting, the NFL season. But there is only one Opening Day, when grandmothers drop like flies and dreams are born anew.

Opening Day means spring. It means, literally, an opening: of buds spreading and jackets unbuttoning; of little birds' mouths gaping; of rubber bands being released from neat's-foot-oiled baseball mitts that have been held tight around a ball all winter. The Louisville Slugger sends painful jolts up your arms if you don't connect properly in the chill air. It will be better soon: warmer, and the wind will die down. But even now, if you keep the label up, you can knock that old horsehide clean and far and feel nothing but warmth.

The beginnings of the other major sports seasons have no connection with the natural rhythms of life. To be sure, they arrive according to an annual schedule, but so do subscription renewals and visits to the dentist. If anything, the starting dates for football, basketball and hockey are reminders to look back. The beginning of football heralds the conclusion of summer; it goes hand-in-glove with—ugh!—back-to-school. And winter sports? If they're starting, then it must soon be—oh, no—winter. It is significant that of all the sports seasons, hockey and basketball most sneak up on us; if you are not attentive to the fellow with the blond teeth on the TV news, you will suddenly open the paper one day late in October and discover that the Celtics have already played four games.

But baseball. Opening Day. To have picked up the newspaper one fine day in April and seen this:

	W	L	Pct.	GB
Washington	1	0	1.000	-
Boston	0	0	.000	½
New York	0	0	.000	½
Detroit	0	0	.000	½
Chicago	0	0	.000	½
Cleveland	0	0	.000	½
St. Louis	0	0	.000	½
Philadelphia	0	1	.000	1

Why, that told you better than anything that God had truly kissed the land again, that a whole life lay ahead. Play them one at a time? Ridiculous. There were 154 to play, a number that overwhelmed a child's mind. Where would we be when the season was done? In a new grade, for certain. And perhaps our team would win. That, too. Not believe in Opening Day? Why, you might as well have said you didn't believe in Tinker Bell.

So, if you cannot bury your poor grandmother one more time, here is an article for Opening Day. It is not really about baseball. There are no bunts and round-trippers and sliders and curves. We have a whole summer for that. No, this is about Opening Day, about baseball sensations, about throwing out the first ball, about Cracker Jack and Louisville Sluggers, and about *Who's on First?* Let's start off with a quiz. The answers will be found buried in the article. If you bat .300—get five or more correct—you pass. You are also stamped as a strange person for knowing such foolishness.

1) Everybody knows that Taft was the first President to throw out a first ball. You think I'm going to ask a simple question like that? Who caught the first ball that Taft threw?

a Clark Griffith, the Senators' owner.
b Gabby Street, the Senators' catcher.
c Walter Johnson, the Senators' pitcher.
d Vice-President Sherman.

2) Cracker Jack was invented in Chi by:



ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED OTNES

a The Wrigley Gum Co.

b The head concessionaire at Comiskey Park.

c Two German immigrants with a sidewalk popcorn popper.

d Pop Norworth, the older brother of Jack Norworth, who wrote *Take Me Out to the Ball Game.*

3) Louisville Sluggers are now made in:

a Where else, dummy? Louisville.

b Hong Kong and Haiti.

c Slugger Park in Indiana.

d North Louisville, U.S.A., which is in the great ash forests of Ontario.

4) Only two real players are mentioned in *Who's on First?* They are:

a Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams.

b Mickey Owen and Ralph Branca.

c Dizzy and Daffy Dean.

d Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb.

5) From 1910 through 1971, when the Senators left Washington for good, only two non-government officials threw out the first ball. They were:

a Perle Mesta, the famous hostess, and Clark Griffith Sr.

b Mrs. Calvin Coolidge and Shirley Povich, *Washington Post* sports editor.

c David Eisenhower and a returned Vietnam POW.

d Duke Zeibert, the restaurateur, and Sammy Baugh.

6) Every prize at Cracker Jack must pass:

a An esthetic test administered by the National Candy Coupon Council.

b A screening by the baseball commissioner's office.

c A simulated esophagus test conducted by Cracker Jack's "prize lady."

d Samplings personally undertaken by the chairman of the board and his grandchildren.

7) The Old Gladiator was:

a Wilson R. Keeney, a fabled blind woodturner who made 162,000 Louisville Sluggers.

b Bud Hillerich, former president of Hillerich & Bradsby Co., who is said to have made the first Slugger.

c Pete Browning, star of the Louisville Eclipse, who reputedly used the first Slugger.

d The Slugger that Joe Sewell used for 14 seasons.

8) Lou Costello was only 5′ 4″ and weighed 195 pounds, but he had many sporting interests. He:

a Had 14 professional prizefights.

b Was a movie stunt man.

c Owned a 2-year-old colt named Bold Bazooka who equaled the world record at 5½ furlongs.

d Spent $5,000 on a personal campaign to get the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles in 1953.

9) Walter Johnson pitched 12 presidential openers, the first in 1910 when Taft started the tradition. The Big Train lost a no-hitter in that game because:

a An easy grounder nicked a Philadelphia base runner, Ira Thomas, who had walked.

b While President Taft bellowed "Let it roll!" a bunt by the A's Rube Oldring stayed fair for a scratch single.

c Embarrassed for having unintentionally brushed back Home Run Baker, the easygoing Johnson grooved the next pitch and Baker, startled, poked an opposite-field triple.

d Washington Rightfielder Doc Gessler tripped over a child who was sitting in front of the outfield ropes, and that allowed an easy fly to drop for a double.

10) For sure, popcorn is this old:

a 126 years.

b 360 years.

c 560 years.

d 5,600 years.

11) When he hit No. 715, Henry Aaron used this player's bat model:

a Stan Musial.

b Eddie Mathews.

continued



c Eddie Waitkus.
d Babe Ruth.

12) The last player mentioned in *Who's on First?* is the shortstop. He's:

a Never Mind.
b Because.
c Why.
d I Don't Care.

13) In the past decade only three politicians have thrown out the first ball for two teams. They are:

a John Lindsay, Richard Nixon, Richard Daley.
b Jimmy Carter, Spiro Agnew, Hubert Humphrey.
c Nelson Rockefeller, John Connally, John Gilligan.
d Gerald Ford, Ronald Reagan, Henry Jackson.

14) The model for Sailor Jack, the little boy on the Cracker Jack package, is:

a R. W. (Boots) Rueckheim III, grandson of the company founder, who later became chairman of the board and is now retired in Lake Wales, Fla., where he lives next door to Red Grange.
b An unknown street urchin who was paid his "fee" in Cracker Jack and was bitten by the mutt Bingo while posing for the artist.
c A former minor league baseball player, Freddie Trail, who later gained brief notoriety when he was suspected of kidnapping the Lindbergh baby.
d The Cracker Jack board chairman's grandson, who was a childhood pneumonia victim and whose gravestone bears a carving of the Sailor Jack-Bingo drawing.

15) This Louisville Slugger model is the current bestseller:

a Johnny Bench.
b Reggie Jackson.
c Henry Aaron.
d Jackie Robinson.

16) When Abbott got the phone call telling him that Costello had died, he was:

a Packing to go to Cooperstown to present the *Who's on First?* script to the Hall of Fame.
b In Walter O'Malley's box at a Dodger-Giant game.
c Talking to his manager about performing *Who's on First?* at the White House when President Eisenhower entertained Canadian Prime Minister John Diefenbaker.
d Watching the *Who's on First?* routine in an old movie being rerun on TV.

EXTRA CREDIT: Name the rightfielder in *Who's on First?*

Opening Day seems to have attained a certain ceremonial status long before presidents got into the act. Christmas found its arbitrary December slot on the calendar because there was already cause for celebration: the lengthening of the days, which had been the reason for the pagan festival of Saturnalia for centuries before Jesus' birth. In the same way, Opening Day fit right in as a welcome to spring. Of course, the vernal equinox always came before Opening Day, but in the northeastern quadrant of the country, where major league baseball was contained until 1957, consistently mild weather did not arrive until sometime in April. Moreover, it is worth remembering that in those days people did not gambol on indoor tennis courts all winter, or watch golf tournaments from the desert on TV, or fly off to Barbados and the Yucatan. Baseball was the only game in town, except maybe for some basketball over at the Y, and its return was a true renaissance of life.

We do not know exactly when politicians began to exploit this afternoon of goodwill, but it was surely by the Gay Nineties, perhaps earlier. When President Taft threw out the first ball on April 14, 1910 at National Park, a contemporary account noted that he was usurping the "time-honured" role of the District of Columbia's city commissioners.

But it has been the presence of Presidents that has made Opening Day very special. No other private enterprise has ever been accorded such cachet. Indeed, except for sporadic appearances at the Army-Navy football game, incumbent Presidents have rarely gone to stadiums for sporting events and never to arenas. But Opening Days have been treated by all Presidents with an annual deference given only two other non-governmental functions, posing with the March of Dimes poster child and lighting the White House Christmas tree.

From Taft in 1910 through 1971 (when the Senators left for Texas), the 11 Presidents went 45 for 62 on Opening Days. Given wars, death, depression, Communists and what-have-you, this is an incredible record. When the Chief Executives could not make it, they invariably called in their top relievers, the Vice-Presidents. Only in the Senators' final two seasons did somebody other than a government official fire the first pitch. David Eisenhower did the honors in 1970, and in 1971 a released POW, Master Sgt. Daniel I. Pitzen, became the last man to throw out the first ball in the capital.

Most Presidents quite enjoyed the task. Only Wilson (3 for 8) batted less than .500, but he attended other Senator games during the season, parking his limousine in deep right, where a substitute catcher was stationed by a fender to snare incoming line drives. Harding, Truman (7 for 7) and Kennedy never missed an Opening Day; Roosevelt made eight. Coolidge hated baseball. He had to be reminded every damn time why it was that everybody stood up in the seventh inning—something he remedied late in his term by leaving in the second inning. Still, Cal made four of his five Opening Days, and the missus was nuts about baseball. Grace Coolidge would not only pop up at Senator games during the season, but it is also on record that she kept score and stayed through rain delays.

Harding bet on the games to make them more interesting. Truman practiced surreptitiously on the White House lawn before his second opener in 1947 and then startled the photographers and everybody else by chucking the old apple southpaw. Ike was a good baseball fan, but shortly before his first Opening Day (1953) he announced that he would have to pass it up for a golfing vacation. All hell broke loose. The country club over the national pastime! Mercifully, old Jupiter Pluvius saved Ike; Opening Day was rained out, and he made it back from the links in time for the rain date. After that, Ike didn't mess around, boy; he made all Openers until 1959. Next question.

continued

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How did Taft come to start this great tradition?

Sorry, the folds of history have hidden that earth-shaking story. When the Griffiths were running the Senators, the fable—in the best tradition of Parson Weems writing about Geo. Washington and the cherry tree—had it that old Clark Griffith dropped by to see Taft, presented him with a gold pass and invited him to throw out the first ball. Because Taft had been a pitcher in his svelter salad days, he leapt at this opportunity. This is a great story except that Taft first threw out the first ball in 1910. Griffith did not become an owner of the Senators until 1912.

In fact, there was no advance warning of Taft's appearance; "The opening will not be attended by any ceremony," reported *The Washington Post* that morning. It is quite possible that Taft just up and went to the game on the spur of the moment. He did very little as President except eat and fret that he could not be Chief Justice, so what follows would be consistent with history. One can visualize Taft, as he sat in the breakfast nook that morning, looking out of the window and saying, "Besides lunch, what are we gonna do today?"

It was a sweetheart of a day, "sun-kissed" according to eyewitnesses.

"Well," said a chum, General Clarence Edwards, spreading some marmalade, "it's Opening Day at the ball yard."

"Yeah, who are the Nationals playing?" asked the President, reaching for another apricot Danish.

"The Mackmen," piped up Secretary of State Philander Knox, polishing off the home fries.

"District Commissioner Rudolph will be chucking out the first ball," added Mrs. Taft.

"Hmmm," said the President, finishing his Western omelet. "That gives me an idea. Let's pack a picnic and pop over."

And thus, as the *Post* reported, did there come about "the auspicious union of official Washington and baseballistic Washington."

On the diamond the Big Train was mowing 'em down. All told, he was to start a dozen presidential openers, winning nine, with six shutouts, but he would never again pitch as well as he did in his first. He would have had the first Opening Day no-hitter (Bob Feller finally got one 30 years later) but for the overflow multitude that settled in the outfield grass. With two gone in the seventh, Baker lifted an easy fly to the rightfielder, Doc Gessler. The swarm of fans seated along the perimeter of the outfield was supposed to dutifully scatter under these circumstances, but one boy was not nimble enough. Gessler tripped over the tyke, and the ball fell for a double, the A's only hit of the game.

But no sense crying over spilt milk. Taft and Johnson put on such a show of arms that even should diamond scholars "go back to the very inception of the national game—there will be found no day so altogether glorious, no paean of victory chanted by rooters and fanatics half so sweet as that witnessed yesterday." Perhaps proudest of all were the two managers, the storied Cornelius McGillicuddy (a/k/a Connie Mack) of the Athletics (a/k/a Mackmen) and James McAleer of the Nationals. They went to Taft's box to meet him, and while he greeted both courteously, the President disclosed his allegiance for the home nine by saving "a subtle wink and a double-action smile" for McAleer.

Despite his girth, Taft was no slouch when it came time to deliver the mail. Let the *Post* correspondent recapture that moment for us: "A mighty cheer swept across the crowd as President Taft showed such faultless delivery. . . . He did it with his good, trusty right arm, and the virgin sphere scudded across the diamond, true as a die to the pitcher's box where Walter Johnson gathered it in. . ."

In a sense, the presidential tradition started that day by Taft has outlasted the Senators, because the consecutive-President streak goes on. Jimmy Carter served up the opening pitch twice in Atlanta (1972 and '73), and Gerald Ford is one of only three politicians in the last decade to have first-balled two clubs, working Cincinnati as Vice-President in '74 and Texas as President in '76. (Senator Henry Jackson pitched the first ball for both Seattle franchises, Pilots and Mariners, and Ronald Reagan did the honors for the A's and the Angels.)

But then, politicians are not as fashionable as they used to be, especially in the National League, which is ahead of the American even in this department. The most somber openers occur in Milwaukee, which always has the county executive throw out the first ball, and in Detroit, where gaiety is manifest when the fire department trots out its traditional floral horseshoe with its clever message GOOD LUCK TIGERS! and presents it to the manager.

On the other hand, San Diego once had a fellow dressed up like a chicken throw out the virgin sphere, and Philadelphia, which always confuses good humor with tackiness, employs the likes of Kite Man, Cannon Man, Sky Cycle Man and Parachute Man to deliver the ball into the park. A number of clubs have taken to using old ballplayers instead of politicians. Poster children are also somewhat in vogue, and two clubs have called upon local centenarians. The Dodgers used an umpire once, Jocko Conlan, and the Angels went with Mickey Mouse.

Predictably, Charlie Finley marches to a different Opening Day drummer. The likes of Governor Reagan aside, Finley has often preferred to have singers throw out the first ball, because then he can entreat them to warble the Anthem on the cuff. Just imagine how Finley would have gotten the Presidents to work freebies if he had owned the Senators: notarize contracts, naturalize players, pardon the ones with paternity suits, lead the Pledge of Allegiance.

Down in front! Pass the Cracker Jack!

Perhaps the best thing about Cracker Jack is that it never goes away, but you think it does, so it is a pleasant surprise when it reappears. This is not just me talking off the top of my head. Ask, say, an unmarried man, age 26 or so, would he like some Cracker Jack, and he will stare at you as if you had just inquired if he would like to watch *The Donna Reed Show* on a Muntz TV. People are bonkers about Cracker Jack as kids, and then they forget about it until they have kids of their own.

It also works this way: after a lousy week, during which no visions of Cracker Jack danced through your aching head, you finally get to a circus or a game, and Cracker Jack pops right into your mind. It would probably do it at the ball park

continued

even if a fellow named Jack Norworth had not, in 1908, been fishing around for some confection that rhymes with "back," hence: "Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack,/I don't care if I never get back." Next question.

Who invented Cracker Jack?

The Rueckheim Bros., F.W. and Louis, German immigrants. When F.W. came to the Windy City from down on the farm in 1872 with $200 in capital, he and a partner set up a sidewalk popper.

Popcorn was not invented in a movie theater by Thomas Edison. It is the oldest corn going. One ear was found in the Bat Caves of New Mexico. It was 5,600 years old. But nobody had ever done a whole lot with popcorn. Then at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893, F.W. and his brother (who had bought out F.W.'s former partner) wowed the innocents with a popcorn-peanuts-molasses snack.

Unfortunately, Cracker Jack is a sticky business. It was blob-sized until Louis figured out how to break up the gooey mess—by banging it against baffles in a rotating barrel. Then F.W. gave the new, improved bite-sized confection to a salesman. "Whaddya think of that?" F.W. asked.

The salesman replied, "That's a crackerjack of an idea."

That's a true story. Now do you want to go on with the history or get right into the prizes, the same way everybody does when they buy Cracker Jack?

Yeah, the prizes.

There is a very pretty woman at Cracker Jack, a former art teacher named Susan Reedquist. She is known around the plant as the "prize girl" or the "prize lady," depending on how up-to-date you are. She is in charge of selecting the 1,000 or so prizes that go into 420 million boxes of Cracker Jack each year. No fewer than 400 different prizes are packaged every day, and these are deposited manually—14 prize sorters dropping 128 prizes a minute. It is the only unautomated part of the process, but there are also three mechanized checks to ensure that a prize gets into each package.

Of course, just like you and me and batting averages, the prizes are not what they used to be. The prize lady has a vault that contains virtually every Cracker Jack prize ever produced, back to 1912, when prizes were introduced. Their heyday seems to have been in the 1930s, when the prizes included intricate metal and wooden toys. Once, during these halcyon days, there was an episode of *Amos 'n' Andy* in which de Kingfish went to a ball game and dropped a diamond ring he had bought for Sapphire. It fell into the Cracker Jack box out of which a fellow in the next row was munching. Of course the stranger thought the diamond ring was his prize. Ohhhh me, Andy! Imagine anybody today thinking that even a zircon ring could be included in a Cracker Jack box. Down in front!

But for goodness' sake, let's understand what the prize lady has to put up with. The Food and Drug Administration, for example. Nitpickers, all of them. You can't use sharp metal; you can't have any rough edges; you can't have toys that break into pieces. If it's not one thing, it's another. You could never in your wildest dreams imagine what is sitting prominently on the prize lady's desk. A simulated child's esophagus, that's what. If a toy can fit into the simulated esophagus, the prize lady has got to scratch it.

Worse, the prize lady has to accommodate today's TV generation. "The toys have to provide instant gratification," she says. "That's the effect of television."

The prize lady selects the prizes that will be tried out on whole children, as well as on their esophagi, and only the items that score high on the "smile scale" qualify for Cracker Jack. "You've got to remember that these kids have grown up in a paper and plastic world," the prize lady says. What the little shavers don't know won't hurt them.

Cracker Jack is one of the four or five most recognized brand names in the country. Ninety-nine percent of Americans are aware of it. And yet Cracker Jack is hardly in the mainstream in the way Coke and Ford, two other of the most familiar brand names, are. Undoubtedly, Cracker Jack owes much of its fame to its felicitous inclusion in the one sports anthem in the country.

But as you careful readers of *The Wall Street Journal* have learned, there is no such thing as a free lunch. Cracker Jack has been terrific for baseball, too. Why, Cracker Jack is still made with all natural ingredients: popcorn, peanuts, molasses, corn syrup, salt and sugar. There are still the same number of peanuts—nine to 14—in every box. And they use the exact same formula they've always used; connoisseurs can tell that the goo covering the peanuts is different from the goo covering the popcorn. You still get "A Surprise in Every Package." Take a hike, Mom's apple pie.

Think about this: suppose Norworth had not used Cracker Jack in his song. Has baseball ever thought about that? Suppose Norworth had used Moxie: "Give me some peanuts and cold Moxie!" Or Sen-Sen. Or JuJuBes. Wouldn't that be a fine how-do-you-do? Every time baseball played its theme song, it would be connecting itself with things that hardly exist anymore. That's all Bowie Kuhn needs, to be defunct-linked. And football. What a time it would have rubbing it in. Ha, ha, ha, baseball and Sen-Sen! Ha, ha, ha! Football would not let baseball hear the end of it.

So it has been a fair trade-off between Cracker Jack and baseball. And if Cracker Jack was struck by dumb luck in getting featured billing in *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, it has looked out for No. 1 very well indeed. The name itself is a dandy, the prize idea a gem. It has two famous slogans: "A Surprise in Every Package" and "The More You Eat The More You Want." And everybody instantly recognizes the symbol of the little boy and his dog that has graced billions of Cracker Jack packs since 1919.

Actually, Sailor Jack and Bingo (for those are their names) are touched up every now and then, restyled to look more like a modern sailor boy and a fashionably precious mutt. For a number of years Bingo appeared forlorn; his head drooped. Now his puppy countenance has brightened. Jack has put on a white hat in recent years and is saluting much more proficiently than he did in the early going. That's the good news.

The bad news is that Jack is dead.

The sailor boy was modeled after F. W. Rueckheim's young grandson Robert, but alas, shortly after posing, the lad succumbed to pneumonia. He was buried in St. Henry's

Cemetery in Chicago. On the child's tombstone is the friendly commercial image of Sailor Jack and Bingo.

What were your favorite wirephotos? There were two types I most admired. One was from Election Day and showed the President/governor/mayor emerging from the voting booth in his precinct grade school or church basement. This was democracy's pictorial equivalent of they-put-their-pants-on-one-leg-at-a-time-too. It made all the afternoon editions.

The other wirephoto jewel showed bat-kissing. If a fellow got a clutch bingle, he was shown bussing his lumber. If he hit three round-trippers he was photographed kissing one of a like number of bats, held rather like a bouquet. The most bats I ever remember a hero holding and kissing was four. When the operative number was five to 19, only one symbolic kissing-bat was employed for the wirephoto. (I always imagined these strict canons were spelled out in the UP, AP and the INP manuals.) From 20 on up, the number celebrated was formed by baseballs, the digits created by dots on the order of a Seurat painting.



Once in a blue moon a player was shown kissing a baseball, but he *never* was pictured kissing his glove. In wirephoto protocol, glove-kissing was considered kinky. But bats were there to be kissed. And the bats were always Louisville Sluggers. You could see the little oval trademark. So ingrained in the consciousness of American youth was the dictum "Keep the label up," that players made sure to do it even when kissing bats for wirephotos.

In Slugger Park there is a bat museum—tours daily—and amid the display of famous bats is an endorsement for Louisville Slugger from Babe Ruth. He raises a hymn to the cudgel, praising its "driving power and punch that brings home runs." As a child, I never saw such a testimonial, which is just as well, because it would have utterly confounded me. Why would any major-leaguer, Babe Ruth or anybody, bother to endorse a Louisville Slugger? Why, this would be as unnecessary as endorsing food or shelter. "Hello, I'm Julia Child, and I'd like to urge you to eat food!"

Oh sure, I knew there was such a thing as an Adirondack, and whenever anybody's dim-witted visiting maiden aunt bought a bat as a gift for a nephew, she got stiffed with a little brown number named Hanna Bat-Rite. But these were aberrations. A baseball bat was a Louisville Slugger . . and if you threw it after hitting a ball you were out.

The Slugger is almost a century old. The baseballs are made in Haiti, and it is estimated that 85% of the gloves are manufactured in the Orient, but Louisville Sluggers are constant, immutable Henry Aaron hit with a slimmed-down version of the model that Babe Ruth used. The official name of the company is still Hillerich & Bradsby, it is still 100% privately held, and a member of the Hillerich family's third generation of bat executives—John A. Hillerich III—presides as president.

The Hillerichs, like the Cracker Jack Rueckheims, were immigrants from Germany, where J. Frederick Hillerich was born in 1834. By 1859 he was sufficiently established in Louisville to open his own woodcraft shop. It had a reputation for quality manufacture of items like balusters and butter churns. His son Bud, a fan of baseball and an instrument of destiny, soon joined the enterprise.

One day in '84 (so our story goes), Bud was at the ball field, watching the local pro team, the Louisville Eclipse of the (then-major league) American Association. The star of the Eclipse, Pete Browning, broke his bat, and young Bud offered to make him a new one. Browning looked askance at Bud (the tale continues), but he accompanied him to the shop. Any port in a storm. Bud turned out an ash bat to Browning's specifications, and as you fable fans might imagine, Browning went 3 for 3 the next day. Soon Browning's teammates, and then visiting opponents, were beating a path to the quaint little woodshop on First Street. The elder Hillerich (the story guffaws) fumed; one can almost hear him bellowing at Bud in a Katzenjammer dialect, "Vat iss diss mit das crvazy baseball schtick?" Fade out. . .

Fade in the Slugger factory. Portentous bass voice-over: "Today that quaint little woodshop on First Street makes three and one half million bats a year!"

The Pete Browning tale is promulgated in all hallowed Slugger chronicles. And why not? Browning was a period superstar, lovingly known as the Old Gladiator. But there is a skeleton in the closet. On the wall of the company president's office is a clipping from a 1912 *Louisville Herald*. It relates a story told by Bud Hillerich that does not mention the Old Gladiator. Instead, Hillerich explained how he had made his own bat when he was playing on a semipro club. A teammate, Augie Weyhing, had asked to use it, and Bud had made one *more* for another teammate, Monk Cline. Monk Cline? Augie Weyhing? Down in front!

Anyway, the rest is history. The bat was known as the Falls City Slugger until 1894. In 1905 Honus Wagner signed a contract with Hillerich, permitting his signature to be branded on bats. He thus became the first baseball player ever to ink an endorsement pact. In 1911 Frank Bradsby, a sales expert, came on board, and the corporate name was altered in 1916. The factory was moved across the Ohio

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River to Indiana in 1974. Otherwise, business as usual.

More than 90% of all pros sign up with Slugger. Most join on as minor-leaguers earning a small fee and the promise that Louisville will make them personalized bats for as long as they play for pay. On semiautomatic lathes, consumer bats can be knocked out in eight seconds flat, but the pros' personal models are still turned by hand. Bats are never made or cut or formed. They are turned.

In the old days players used to make special trips to Louisville to talk to the craftsmen, to pick out their own timber. Not surprisingly, Ted Williams was the most persnickety. Players tended their bats, "cooling" them in alcohol, "tightening" the grain by rubbing them with a bone or a pop bottle. Today Louisville hears only from agents trying to renegotiate the old service contracts.

Styles change, too. Generally, handles have gotten thinner. Still, the most popular bat with the public is the Jackie Robinson model that has a relatively stout grip. The other retail autograph models are named after Aaron, Clemente, Mantle, Frank Robinson and 14 current hitters including Pete Rose, who is trying to get out of his Slugger contract so he can Charlie Hustle aluminum bats.

An original model is catalogued in a very simple way—by the initial of the player's surname and a number that indicates how many players with the same initial have had distinct models turned for them. Thus, the first bat made with a concave end is designated as C271 because it was turned for Jose Cardenal, who is the 271st player with the initial C to have had a Slugger model created for him.

A small room at Slugger Park holds file cards on every major-leaguer who ever had a Slugger turned for him. There is an eerie feeling there, a sense of time having stopped. A man can go into that file cabinet and determine what bat it was that Home Run Baker used on April 14, 1910. And in a few minutes a craftsman can turn that exact bat. There are 13 check points on every bat. It is always made from a white ash that has grown for 45 to 50 years in New York or Pennsylvania. The tree has to have grown on a ridge top or have been exposed to the north and east for the right amount of sun. Then it is cut and dried. Finally it is turned by an artisan who does it precisely as one of his predecessors did it decades ago, about the time the seed went into the ground and Home Run Baker took his cuts.

Unfortunately, it is hard to find young men who want to be woodturners. It requires a long time to learn this honest craft, and young people do not want to invest that time. Besides, there are aluminum bats. They already take up 35% to 40% of the total bat market, and their share increases every year. A Slugger will cost you nine bucks tops, but it will break and sting your hands, and you must remember to keep the label up. Aluminum bats sell for as much as $50, but they last and last, whichever way you hold the label. It is also alleged that a baseball jumps off them faster. The sound is different, too. It is more modern, like an automobile crash.

Aluminum bats are now allowed in every game but Organized Baseball. There, as always, the law reads that a bat must be turned out of one solid piece of God's own wood. Someday soon a phenom is going to step to the plate in the majors, fresh out of college, and he is going to be swinging with a wooden bat for the first time. *Que será, será.*

None of this upsets Hillerich & Bradsby as much as you might imagine. Remember, these are the same fellows who got out of butter churns when the time was ripe. Now their brand is pressed on aluminum bats, too. And the Slugger people are especially proud of their top-quality magnesium bats. Magnesium bats made by Louisville Slugger! Why, you might as well tell me there is magnesium Cracker Jack.

Bill Williams, Hillerich & Bradsby's vice-president of advertising, says, "The crack of the bat doesn't seem to mean that much to kids anymore." He spoke that not in anger but merely in resignation, with a hint of pity. Imagine never getting good wood on a ball. Imagine not knowing what a loud foul off Home Run Baker's bat sounded like.

Comedy is not the most dependable traveler through time. Many people now find the mots of the wits of the Algonquin Round Table forced and leaden. And Abbott and Costello, those purveyors of the broad and foolish? They appear downright puerile. Consider their horse routine, when Abbott, the tall one (he was 5′ 11″), brings Costello to blubbery tears by telling him deadpan about the mudder who had no fodder. Our first reaction is wonderment: Did a nation laugh at this?

You bet it did. Except for Laurel and Hardy, there has never been a pair of comics who were so enjoyed for so long. They were Top Ten box-office draws for more than a decade; in 1942 they were No. 1, just ahead of Clark Gable. They struck some simple childlike chord in us and strummed it again and again.

The pair broke up in 1957, and Costello died two years later when he was 50. Abbott, ever the happy wastrel, had to scuffle with the IRS over back taxes for most of his sunset years, but he lasted till age 78, dying four years ago this month. But they remain as much in evidence as ever. Their movies—and they churned out three or four a year for Universal—are everywhere on TV, usually during the children's hours, harmlessly washing our minds without leaving a trace upon our consciousness. But hush, my children, here is the one heirloom of Abbott and Costello that endures:

Costello: I would like to know some of the guys' names on the team. . . .

Abbott: Oh sure. But you know baseball players have funny names . . . nowadays.

Costello: Like what?

Abbott: Well, like Dizzy Dean and Daffy Dean.

Costello: Oh yeah, a lot of funny names. I know all those guys.

Abbott: Well, let's see now. We have on our team: Who's on first, What's on second, I Don't Know's on third.

Costello: That's what I want to find out, the guys' names.

Abbott: I'm telling you: Who's on first, What's on second, I Don't Know's on third.

Costello: You're going to be the manager of a baseball team?

Abbott: Yes.

Costello: You know the guys' names?

Abbott: Well, I should.

continued



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OPENING DAY

continued

Costello: Will you tell me the guys' names on the baseball team?

Abbott: I say. Who's on first. What's on second. I Don't Know's on third.

Costello: You know the guys' names on the baseball team?

Abbott: Yeah.

Costello: Well, go ahead—who's on first?

Abbott: Yeah!

Costello: I mean the guy's name.

Abbott: Who.

Costello: The guy playing first

Abbott: Who!

Costello: The guy at first base?

Abbott: Who's on first. . . .

That, of course, is just the beginning of the Who part. Not until considerably later do they introduce What. It goes on and on. Tomorrow is pitching. Today is catching. Why is in left. Because is in center, and finally, I Don't Care is at short. For some reason, there is no rightfielder.* The routine could be played at any length. Maybe at one point there was a rightfielder, but it didn't work. No one knows for sure. Strangely, even though *Who's on First?* is far and away the best-known comic bit in American history and even though Abbott and Costello played it more than 15,000 times—including a dozen times for President Roosevelt, who never tired of it—and even though they did it in vaudeville, in burlesque, on radio, on television and in the movies, there seems to be no account of what inspired it, who wrote it or even what Abbott and Costello thought of it.

Studio publicity had it that the comics introduced the routine in 1936 at the Oriental Theater in Chicago, but almost surely its origins date to 1931 or 1932. The two men had become a team shortly before. William A. Abbott, a theater box-office employee, filled in one night when Louis Cristello's straight man didn't show. Both men were from New Jersey, although Abbott grew up on Coney Island until, at age 15, he was shanghaied. Slipped a Mickey Finn, he woke up a seaman in the middle of the ocean. He later returned to show biz, the family profession.

continued

* There is a similar incongruity in another famous piece of baseball literature, *Casey at the Bat*. In the poem's third stanza the two batters preceding Casey are identified as Flynn and Jimmy Blake. In the next stanza, after Flynn has singled and Blake doubled, Ernest L. Thayer writes: "There was Johnny safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third." Why did Jimmy become Johnny? Why didn't anyone ever catch this? How could the poet have made such a mistake? What does it all mean?

For outstanding engineering achievement in television, General Electric has won an Emmy.



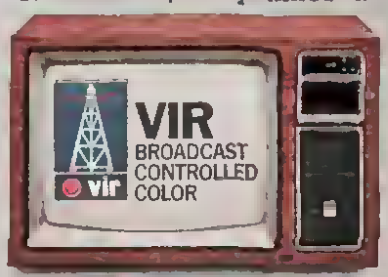
The National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences has honored General Electric for 'The First Application of the Vertical Interval Reference (VIR) Signal System to Television Receivers.'

The VIR signal was designed by a TV industry committee to correct distortions in the TV color signal as it passed from network sources, through communications systems, to homes. The development of VIR was a big step in color broadcasting.

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GE VIR color sets have computer-like circuitry which uses the broadcaster's VIR signal to automatically adjust color and tint, sixty times a second, on many programs.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Costello had a more uneventful childhood in Paterson where, despite his short stature, he played baseball and other sports. Later he had 14 professional prizefights and became a Hollywood stuntman. He was always interested in sports. In 1955 his 2-year-old colt, Bold Bazooka, equaled the world record for 5½ furlongs, and two years before that he had spent $5,000 of his own money on a vain campaign to have the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles. (Now you know that No. 8 is a trick question, all the answers are correct. The other answers are: questions 1 to 7, *c*; 9 to 16, *d*.)

Given Costello's interest in sports, it is more likely that *Who's on First?* originated with him. Certainly no one claims that anyone but the two comics themselves wrote it. Betty Abbott, Bud's widow, believes that her husband and Costello first performed the routine—a version about one-third as long as the final one—at the Eltinge Theatre in New York late in 1932.

Almost from the first it seems to have been the centerpiece of their act, but it did not receive national attention until 1938, when Abbott and Costello got their big break, appearing on the Kate Smith radio show. Two years later they used *Who's on First?* in their first movie, *One Night in the Tropics*, in which Robert Cummings and Allan Jones starred. Because the comedians and the routine were a big hit in this film, Universal signed them, and they later used *Who's on First?* in movies of their own.

"They kept embellishing it," their manager, Eddie Sherman, recalls. "Initially they didn't do the entire routine the way it's been recorded or the way they did it in pictures. They added on a thing they called 'Naturally.' They were always adding things to it over the years."

The official version, if there is such a thing, was enshrined in the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown in 1956. The gold record and script usually are displayed on the second floor, next to the National League centennial exhibit. Recently, Universal bought the rights to *Who's on First?* so it can use the bit in a movie and a TV show. This is business, of course, but it is also altogether silly. You can no more sell the rights to *Who's on First?* without Abbott and Costello than you can sell the rights to Sally Rand's fan dance without Sally Rand, or Babe Ruth's home-run trot without Babe Ruth. Oh well, never mind. Down in front!

It is hard to pin down why *Who's on First?* became so popular and enduring—especially at a time when sports material usually bombed on the stage. For obvious reasons, the bit must have appealed to baseball fans, and probably it also appealed to those who laugh at baseball fans for being so devoted to the sport's minutiae, its names and statistics. It goes without saying that the routine never could have worked for another sport. Who's at Halfback? No way. Baseball is the only popular American sport in which every position is permanently

continued



The Dry Look pump leaves hair feeling as soft and natural as it looks.

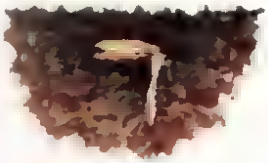
The Dry Look gives you more than a great look. It leaves your hair feeling soft and natural, too—not stiff. The Dry Look in pump spray or aerosol—with a formula that's right for your hair. Get The Dry Look... and don't be a stiff!

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There are four stages in the life of every grass plant where its future could be in doubt. And the seed you put down in the first place generally makes the difference. Chiefly, it depends on the seed's heritage and the condition it's in.

How our plump healthy Family Seed grows safely through these 4 failure zones.

The seed's condition is especially important in the beginning. It takes a pretty robust seed to germinate and survive. That's why we sort the seed in our mixtures. We get out most of the weak immature seeds that won't make it and keep the plump mature seeds that are full of vigor.



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The critical days where seed fails the most.

We also give you aged seed. Freshly harvested bluegrass seed takes longer to germinate. Nature's way is to age the seed so more of it germinates and comes up at the right time. We're so particular that last year we rejected over five million pounds of grass seed that didn't measure up to all our standards.



Emergence.
Breaking through the soil to the light and air.

The plump, healthy seeds in our Family® mixture have food reserves (starches and so on) to help them sprout and grow faster. Seeds buried deeper can fight their way up to sunlight. These vigorous seedlings have more power to force their way through crusted soil or around clods. They grow into grass plants with a strong will to live. And since they get established quicker, they're better able to fight weedlings later on.

They also have roots that can dig down faster for food and water (your grass is only as good as its roots). So more seedlings survive till they can start producing their own foodstuffs. Then tillers and rhizomes reach out to start new plants and thicken your lawn.



Growth.
Rooting and spreading to thicken your lawn.

The heart of our Family mixture is Victa Kentucky bluegrass. It's a hardy, disease and drought resistant plant. We tried some 5000 different bluegrass strains to find Victa. And we grew Victa on our research farms for 12 years just to be sure of it.



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Meeting the seasonal stresses of lawn life.

As lawns mature, their true character shows through. Some will come on strong for a while and then fold up on you. Our Family seed can grow in medium shade and in a wide variety of soils, including poor soils. With a little help from you (food and water) it will germinate, grow and go on reproducing itself for years.

Family seed will give you a green, all-purpose fine textured lawn that's a joy to behold. It contains fine fescues and another bluegrass besides Victa. We sell other seed mixtures, too, for special purposes. And that's the kind of business we've been in here in Marysville, Ohio, since the year 1864.



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Great taste.
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Then we threw tradition to the winds. We called in John Weitz, the world-famed men's designer, to style Capitán cigars. He gave us five slim and youthful looking shapes to flatter the face. Then he broke another rule. He put Capitán in a color-coordinated pack to complement your clothes. No one had ever done anything like that before.

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And you can taste a little of that success in our little Capitán No. 3.


Designer John Weitz

Capitán

Great taste. The only rule we didn't break.

set at a specific location. The one thing you can count on in life is that there is a first baseman and a shortstop and a catcher, and they are right where they were last month. The second baseman is not going to vanish—poof—and materialize down the leftfield line as something known as a nose guard or a power forward. Baseball positions are anchors in a shifting world, and to have given the most indefinite names to the personnel at these most dependable positions is to have made brilliant use of comic irony. That is the genius of *Who's on First?*

Obviously, two burlesque comedians did not sit around and ponder all this, but their routine has a sort of uncultured existentialism. Costello is like a Sartre character in *No Exit*, stymied at every turn despite being on the most familiar, comfortable territory. Abbott is a seminal bureaucratic figure, ever helpful, never helping. Maddening.

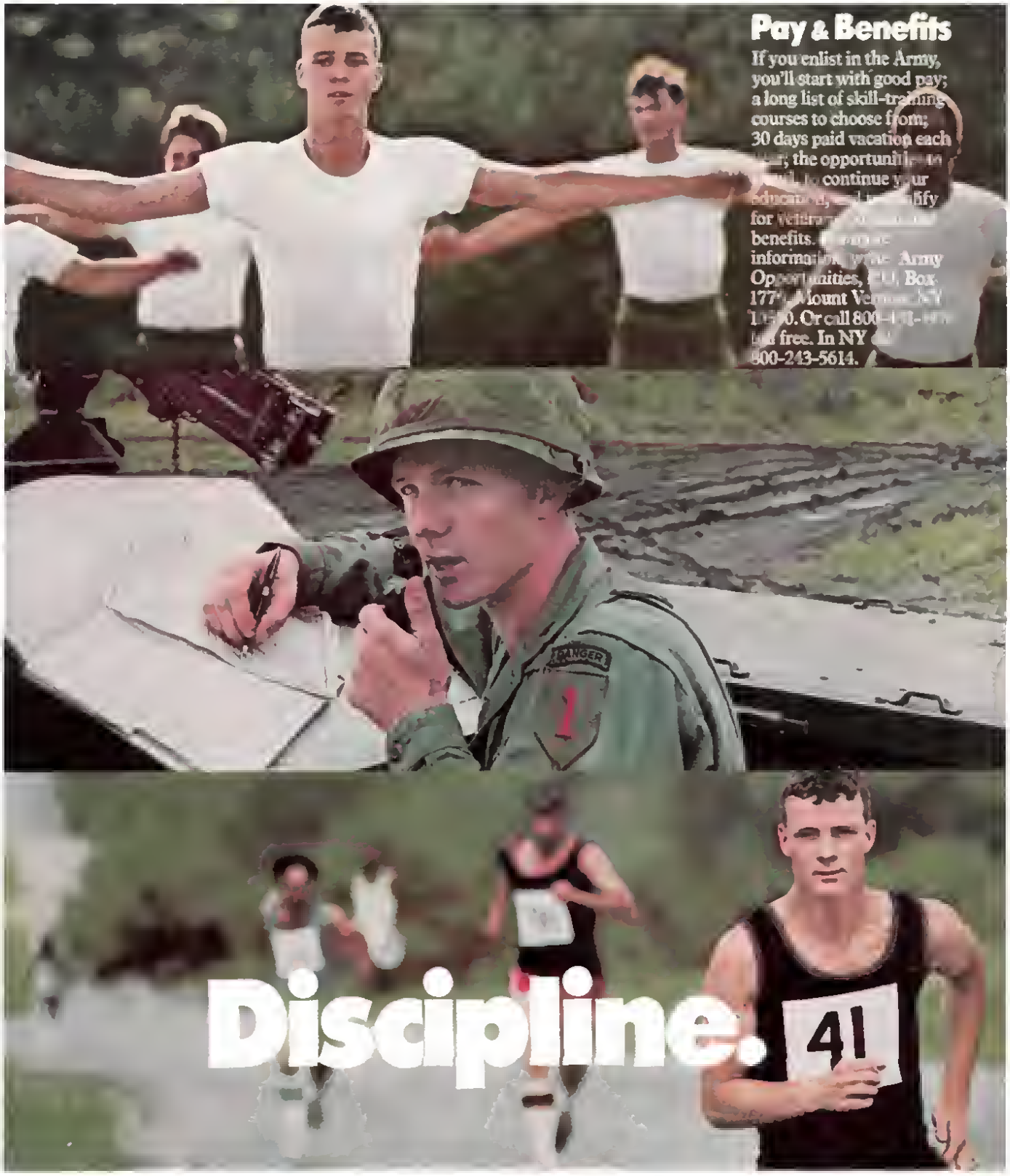
The routine was written in the depths of the Depression, a time when the nation was still as confounded by this unforeseen calamity as it was hungry. Without warning, unseen forces were frustrating, then destroying, common folk in ways they could not comprehend. Who? What? I don't know. Tomorrow! Why? Because. Economic disaster aside, the modern, impersonal, urban, red-tape society had just begun to crank up. You see, Abbott and Costello were saying, you can't depend on a damn thing anymore, not even baseball.

This is why, I think, they never came up with a rightfielder.

You might say that this is all a lot of gobbledygook. These were two downtown comics who worked bawdy routines out front while the strippers were getting ready backstage. Maybe, but genius pops up in funny places and those who have it are often unaware of it.

On the afternoon of March 3, 1959, right after the Dodgers went off to spring training, Bud Abbott turned on the television in L.A. to watch an old Abbott and Costello movie. *Who's on First?* was in the film. Near the end of the routine the phone rang, and Abbott answered it. He was told that Lou Costello had died. "Tell me," Abbott would often say after that, "why did I happen to be watching that picture at that time? Will you tell me why?"

Probably because all along, surely, the rightfielder in the routine was God. END



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SP4 Mike Lovell, Ft. Riley, Kansas

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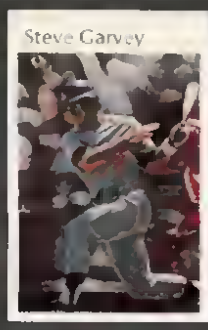
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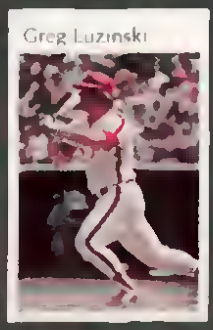
4501 Rod Carew



4503 Rick Burleson



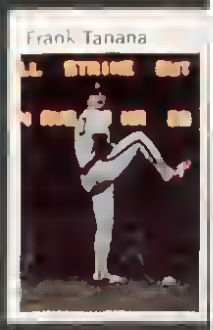
4508 Ted Simmons



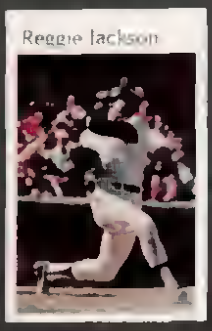
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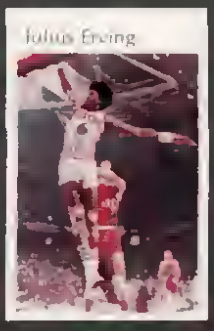
4514 Dave Parker



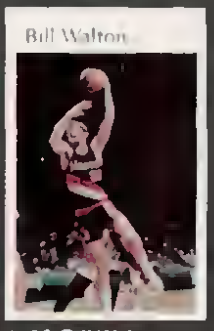
4519 Frank Tanana



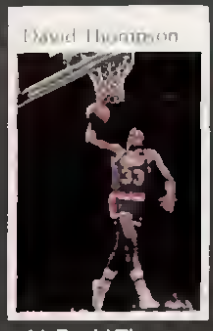
4507 Reggie Jackson



4401 Julius Erving



4402 Bill Walton



4411 David Thompson



4281 Tony Dorsett



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 27-April 2

ARCHERY—World Champion LUANN RYON of Riverside, Calif. won the women's title at the U.S. Indoor championships in Harrisburg, Pa. Ryon scored 1 100X1 200 to edge Ruth Rowe of Pittsburgh, who scored 1 097. MIKE KING of Kentwood, Mich. scored 1 158 to win the men's title.

PRO BASKETBALL—The San Antonio Spurs, the second-highest-scoring team in the league with a 114.2 average, played one of their weaker games in a 99–95 win over Cleveland, but the victory gave the Spurs (3–1) the NBA Central Division championship. The Cavaliers (5–1) played some of their best games in a long time and clinched a playoff berth for the third straight year by beating Detroit 113–99. New York (2–1) also clinched a spot in the Eastern Conference playoffs. Maurice Lucas, out for five games with wrist and leg injuries, returned to the lineup against Boston and later led Portland (1–3) with 26 points in a 103–101 defeat of Los Angeles. The win snapped a five-game losing streak for the defending champion Trail Blazers, who have been without Bill Walton since Feb. 28. Portland, which is 56–21, is battling Philadelphia 53–23 for the best overall record in the league and the home court advantage if there is a replay of last year's NBA championship series. Boston (2–3) defeated New Orleans to push the Jazz two games down in their fight with Atlanta for the final playoff berth in the Eastern Conference. New Orleans (0–4) doesn't seem to have much hope the Jazz will be without Pete Maravich for the remainder of the season, his recent comeback ending after three games because his injured knee didn't hold up. New Jersey (2–0), looking ahead to next season, broke Washington's four-game winning streak 118–104 and won its 14th game in its last 26. 122–114 over Milwaukee.

BOWLING—JOHNNY PETRAGLIA of Staten Island, N.Y. defeated Jeff Mattingly 197–177 to win the $70,000 Long Island (N.Y.) Open. It was Petraglia's 11th PBA tournament victory.

GOLF—SANDRA POST won the $305,000 Colgate-Dinah Shore Winners Circle tournament in Rancho Mirage, Calif. on the second hole of a playoff. Post and second-place finisher Penny Pulz shot five-under-par 283s in regulation play (*page 78*).

SEVERIANO BALLESTEROS of Spain shot a final-round 66 for a six-under-par 282 to defeat Jack Renner and Fuzzy Zoeller by one stroke and win the $240,000 Greater Greensboro (N.C.) Open.

GYMNASTICS—Winning her second straight all-around crown, ANN CARR led Penn State to the team title at the AIAW national championships in Seattle. Cal State Fullerton finished second.

HOCKEY—NHL. Only in the NHL can a team that has lost more than twice as many games as it has won—and has tied more games than it has won, too—be charging toward a berth in the Stanley Cup playoffs. The Colorado Rockies, who have an 18–39–20 record, beat Philadelphia 4–3 and Minnesota 4–2 to rake over second place in the Smythe Division from stumbling Vancouver, which lost all four of its games. Divisional runners-up automatically qualify for the playoffs, and with three games to play the Rockies led the Canucks by two points. Boston wrapped up first place in the Adams Division by losing only once in four games, a 7–1 pasting at Montreal, while Buffalo was losing three straight. Bill Barber's two shorthanded goals scored just 27 seconds apart gave Philadelphia a 4–2 victory over Los Angeles and the Flyers stayed only three points behind the slumping New York Islanders in the race for first place in the Patrick Division. Mike Bossy's second goal of the game—and 51st of the season—with five seconds to play lifted the Islanders past the Capitals 3–2, and Bob Nystrom's two goals and three assists helped New York overcome a 3–0 deficit and beat the North Stars 6–3. Reed Larson had a goal and four assists in Detroit's 7–0 romp over Buffalo. Stan Mikita became only the third NHL player to score 1,400 points in a career as his 520th goal and 880th assist moved Chicago past Los Angeles 5–1.

WHA. Gordie Howe turned 50, and the New England Whalers helped him celebrate by rolling out a 460-pound birthday cake before their 5–1 win over Cincinnati. The next night Howe was roasted at a birthday bash. "Gordie has found the fountain of youth," cracked Whaler teammate Brad Selwood. "It's a six-pack." Howard Baldwin, the managing general partner of the Whalers and WHA president, said, "We never want Gordie to retire. Each year we have a 'Farewell Gordie' night. It's the only way we can make a profit."

HORSE RACING—ESOPS FOIBLES ($12.20), ridden by Chris McCarron, won the $100,000 Arkansas Derby at Oaklawn Park by 1½ lengths over Chief of Dixieland. The 3-year-old colt ran the 1⅛ miles in 1:52⅕.

ALYOAR ($2.40), Jorge Velasquez up, beat Believe It by two lengths to win the $150,000 Florida Derby at Gulfstream. Alydar covered the 1⅛ miles in 1:47, one fifth of a second off the track record (*page 24*).

MOTOR SPORTS—Averaging 87.096 mph in his Ferrari, CARLOS REUTEMANN beat Mario Andretti's Lotus by 11.061 seconds to win the Formula One Long Beach Grand Prix (*page 20*).

TENNIS—BJORN BORG beat Vitas Gerulaitis, 6–3, 6–3, to win the $175,000 Milan Grand Prix.

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA defeated Evonne Goolagong 7–6, 6–4 to win the $150,000 Virginia Slims championship in Oakland.

WRESTLING—The SOVIET UNION won the World Cup in Toledo with 32 points to eight for the runner-up U.S. Taking individual titles for the U.S. were Heavyweight JIMMY JACKSON, his second straight championship; RUSS HELLICKSON, 220 pounds; MARK LIEBERMAN, 180.5; and JIM HAINES, 114.5.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: Former Florida State coach HIGH DURHAM, 40, as basketball coach at the University of Georgia, during Durham's 12 years at Florida State, the Seminoles had a 230–95 record. As basketball coach at Bradley University, DICK VERSACE, 37, who coached Jackson (Mich.) Community College for the past two seasons, his teams had a 47–13 record. GALE CATLETT, 38, as basketball coach at West Virginia, his alma mater. Catlett coached Cincinnati for six seasons and had a 124–46 record. BRUCE HAROLDSON, 41, as basketball coach at Montana State. Haroldson coached at Mesa State College (Colo.) for the past four seasons, his teams went 85–32. BUDDY MAHAR, 32, former assistant at Columbia, as head coach. As basketball coach at the University of Richmond, LOU GOETZ, 32, former Duke assistant. By the University of California, DICK KUCHEN, as basketball coach. Kuchen was an assistant at Notre Dame.

DIED: WILLIAM (Billy) COX, 58, shortstop for the Pittsburgh Pirates (1941, '46 and '47) and third baseman for Brooklyn (1948-54) and Baltimore (1955), of cancer in Harrisburg, Pa. Cox played on three Dodger pennant winners and was considered one of the finest fielding third basemen of all time.

CREDITS

10—Drawing by SOW. **26,27**—Dan Bahotl. **36**—Tony Triolo. **37**—Dan Bahotl. **38**—Tony Triolo (top); (clockwise from left) Tony Triolo, John Iacono, Tony Triolo, John D. Hanlon, Tony Triolo, Lane Stewart. **39**—(clockwise from top left) Dan Bahotl; (2) Heinz Kluetmeier; Dan Bahotl; (2) Tony Triolo, Heinz Kluetmeier (bottom right). **53**—John F. Jaqua. **58,62,64**—John Iacono. **65**—Hank deLespinasse. **72**—Brian Lanker. **78,80**—Al Satterwhite-Camera 5. **87**—Peter Read Miller. **111**—Natalie Fobes, The Cincinnati Enquirer (1).

FACES IN THE CROWD







NEAL BROTEN, AARON BROTEN, BRIAN ERICKSON
ROSEAU, MINN.

Playing on the same line for the Roseau High School hockey team, the Broten brothers and Brian have twice led the Rams to the Minnesota state championships, where they finished third this year. The smallest school participating in the tournament, Roseau (enrollment 373) was 24–2 in 1976-77 and 25–1 last season. Neal, a senior center, scored 44 goals, including six in one game, and had 73 assists. He also set a state individual tournament record for most assists in a period (four). Aaron, a junior leftwinger, had 50 goals and 57 assists. Rightwinger Brian, also a senior, had 42 goals and 37 assists, giving the linemates 136 goals and 167 assists—the team finished with 228 and 305—for 303 points in 26 games.



DARYL MEYER
YORK, NEB.

Daryl, 18, is the first high school wrestler in Nebraska history to win the state championship three times in the same weight class. A heavyweight for Class B York High, he tied a state season record with 25 pins and finished his career 104–9.



DEBBIE POLK
PALACIOS, TEXAS

A forward for the 20–10 Palacios High basketball team, Debbie, 17, scored 68 points in one game, the highest total in the state this season. She averaged 43.2 points a game and scored 50 or more five times. Debbie also is all-district in volleyball.



DAVE WILSON
CINCINNATI

A junior at Anderson High, Dave set a state high school record of 51.37 in the 100-yard backstroke at the Ohio High School Swimming and Diving Championships in Canton. He also set a meet record of 49.43 in the 100-yard butterfly.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

JACK'S BACK

Sir:

Your March 27 cover photograph of Jack Nicklaus is another great one. A confident look from an athlete who knows he's the best in his field. Just for the record, on how many covers has Nicklaus appeared?

DOUG MCKINNEY
Dayton

• Sixteen, starting with the Sept. 12, 1960 issue, when Jack was a 20-year-old amateur —ED.

Sir:

Now may we forget the myth that Tom Watson is the new master of golf?

SCOTT REEVE
Riverhead, N.Y.

Sir:

Jack Nicklaus does what no other athlete can—the impossible

DON RICHARDSON
Goleta, Calif.

Sir:

I am totally unsympathetic to the moans and groans of the touring professional golfers about the toughness of the Sawgrass course (*Off in a World of His Own*, March 27). It gets rather boring watching these pros shoot 10, 12 and 13 under par week after week when the majority of the viewing weekend golfers are lucky to break 90 or 100. There should be some degree of difficulty when the pros are playing for all that prize money. No one said life was easy, so why should golf be?

I had the opportunity to play Sawgrass two years ago, when I had a 26 handicap (for 18 holes). I was quite content with my 47 on the back nine of that gorgeous course.

RON SCHILLOW
Lansdale, Pa.

LEON'S TITLE

Sir:

Thanks for a fine and revealing article on the Leon Spinks situation ("*They Got Leon All Messed Up*," March 27). In my opinion, the World Boxing Council is at fault here. To take away the heavyweight crown from a man who has held it for little more than a month is a grave injustice. Spinks symbolizes the American Dream. He came from the dregs of poverty to win the championship. It is my hope that the WBC has not ruined a fine young fighter's life by taking this rash action.

MARK SCHULZE
Lawton, Pa.

NOT ONLY A ROSE

Sir:

With all due respect to Daniel Krueckeberg and his devotion to Pete Rose (SCORECARD, March 27), the Cincinnati Reds' star is not the only player to be named an All-Star at three different positions. Harmon Killebrew of the Washington Senators and the Minnesota Twins started the midsummer classic at third base (1959, 1970), in left field (1964) and at first base (1967, 1968).

LARRY KATZ
Philadelphia

continued



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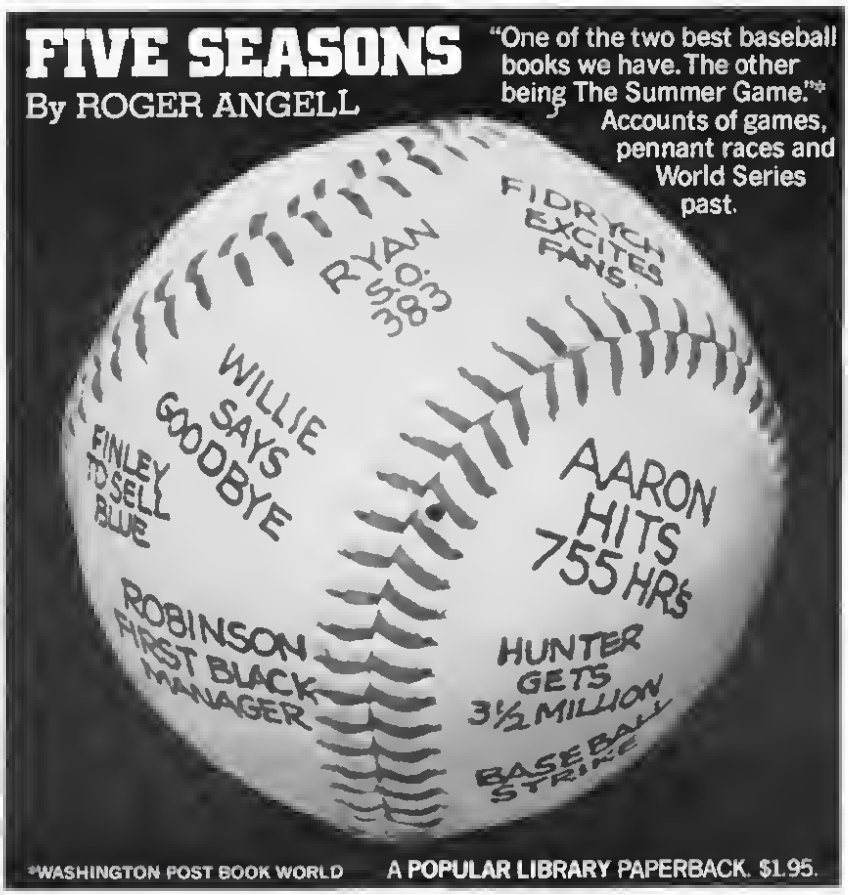
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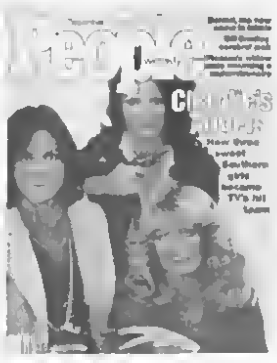
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ENGLAND'S STEEPLECHASER

Sir:

I enjoyed Clive Gammon's story about Red Rum (*England Is High on Red Rum*, March 27). This is an interesting name for a racehorse. I recall a *Dick Tracy* villain, vintage 1940, whose name was Redrum, which spelled backward is.

J. GREELEY MCGOWIN II
Savannah

• For more on England's Red Rum, see page 82 —ED

KATE DIDN'T DO IT

Sir:

With reference to the SCORECARD item (March 27) about the Philadelphia Flyers dumping Kate Smith, that's a pretty lame excuse if ever I heard one. It was Bobby Clarke & Co. who tied the Pittsburgh Penguins, *not* Kate Smith! So why blame Miss Smith and her rendition of *God Bless America* for the Flyers' recent decline? To me, they're the Floundering Flyers. Let's just leave Kate out of it and accord her the honor and respect she merits.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN
Cincinnati

SECRETS

Sir:

The best-kept secret in sports is not the winner of the NCAA Division II basketball tournament, as University of Wisconsin-Green Bay Coach Dave Buss claims (*When Brrr Turned to Grrr*, March 27). A better-kept secret is the Division III winner.

North Park College, which is located in Chicago, defeated Widener College (of Chester, Pa.) 69–57 to win the Division III championship at Rock Island, Ill., on the same weekend Cheyney State beat Wisconsin-Green Bay for the Division II title. The results were not only excluded from your college basketball story, but also failed to make FOR THE RECORD. Now that is a secret!

WILLIAM F. TELLEEN
Minneapolis

REVAMPIND THE NCAAs

Sir.

I am writing to suggest one possible way for the NCAA to ensure that the 32-team field in its basketball championships will actually include the top 32 teams in the country (which is not the case, as I see it, this year). Either the NCAA or the individual conferences should require a playoff game between the regular-season conference champion and the winner of the postseason conference tournament, if such a tournament is held and its winner isn't the regular-season champion. With all due respect to teams like Missouri, Houston and Duke—each of which became its conference representative in this year's NCAAs by winning its conference tournament—the respective regular-season champions (Kansas, Arkansas and North Carolina) should not have had to take a back-

continued

IBM Reports

Information: protecting a valuable asset.

In a very real sense, information today has become a valuable asset.

Modern technology has made it possible to put information to work in many ways that help improve the quality of people's lives. For example, computers are helping apply information to provide better education, improved medical care, a cleaner environment and faster, more efficient service to consumers.

Information that has commercial value must be protected like any other asset. And, of course, personal, proprietary or confidential information must also be safeguarded. Safeguarding sensitive information has always been necessary, even when it was stored in file cabinets. Today, much information is stored in computers, and, in general, it can be made more secure than information stored by other means.

Effective security measures needed

However, as the cost of doing work with computers continues to decline, more information will be processed by computers and more people will be using them. This increases the need for effective measures to protect information from accidental destruction or unauthorized use.

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IBM has, for example, developed identity verification techniques and other methods that can help control who gains access to the information within a computer system. IBM has also developed a cryptography technique and special equipment that can help safeguard information communicated by computer systems.

Management controls necessary, too

But quite clearly, technology alone cannot ensure the security of information in computer systems. Even more important are the controls and procedures that must be implemented by management and others responsible for the operation of systems. These range from the selection of a secure location for a system to well-designed rules spelling out who may use it and how it may be used. To assist in this area, IBM has sponsored several major studies, held seminars for some 22,000 computer users and distributed more than 700,000 publications on the subject.

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seat and be given at-large berths, often in tougher regionals.

The current practice takes the luster off a conference championship earned over a full season, and by adding new—and not always deserving—conference candidates to the NCAA tournament deprives Top 20 independents, like Detroit, Georgetown and Illinois State this year, of an NCAA bid. This season, Southwest Conference co-leader Texas was knocked out of the NCAAs altogether.

If the idea of the postseason tournament is to enrich league coffers, a post-tournament playoff game would boost revenues even more. The fans would have one more game to get ready for, agonize through and replay during the long, hot summer. And should the tournament winner beat the regular-season champ, it at least would have a more legitimate reason for being its conference representative in the NCAAs.

GEORGE J. GORDON
Normal, Ill.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL PLAYOFF

Sir:

In a recent SCORECARD item (Feb. 27), Penn State Coach Joe Paterno suggested that the NCAA establish a college football playoff system and set aside the bulk of the proceeds for the first five years in order to establish a fund that the less prosperous NCAA schools could borrow from at a low interest rate for their athletic needs. It seems to me that the more ways our colleges have of improving their athletic programs, the more secure is the future of sport in America. Even the quality of many U.S. Olympic teams would be improved by such a program. I hope Paterno's proposal becomes a reality.

MIKE PYLES
Parkersburg, W. Va.

ACHING BACKS (CONT.)

Sir:

As a licensed physical therapist and longtime SI subscriber, I was delighted to read J. D. Reed's article *How To Put Bad Backs Behind You* (March 13). Reed is to be commended for saying simply and factually that "lower-back pain" has become the catchall phrase for myriad injustices done to the human body. We appear to be more knowledgeable about lawns and gardens than about the function and care of this flesh-and-bone enigma. Why not introduce more comprehensive courses in human anatomy and general body function and dysfunction in our secondary schools? This would lead to fewer misconceptions and, in many cases, an avoidance of the problem.

RON WEHLANDER
Fort Worth

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